F
546
.A465

# Dedication of the Altgeld Memorial Tablets

Class F546

Book A465

PRESENTED BY

**JOHN PETER ALTGELD**

BORN DECEMBER 30, 1847
DIED MARCH 12, 1902

# DEDICATORY EXERCISES

AT THE UNVEILING OF

## BRONZE TABLETS

IN MEMORY OF

# JOHN P. ALTGELD

---

AT THE

GARRICK THEATRE, CHICAGO

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1910

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

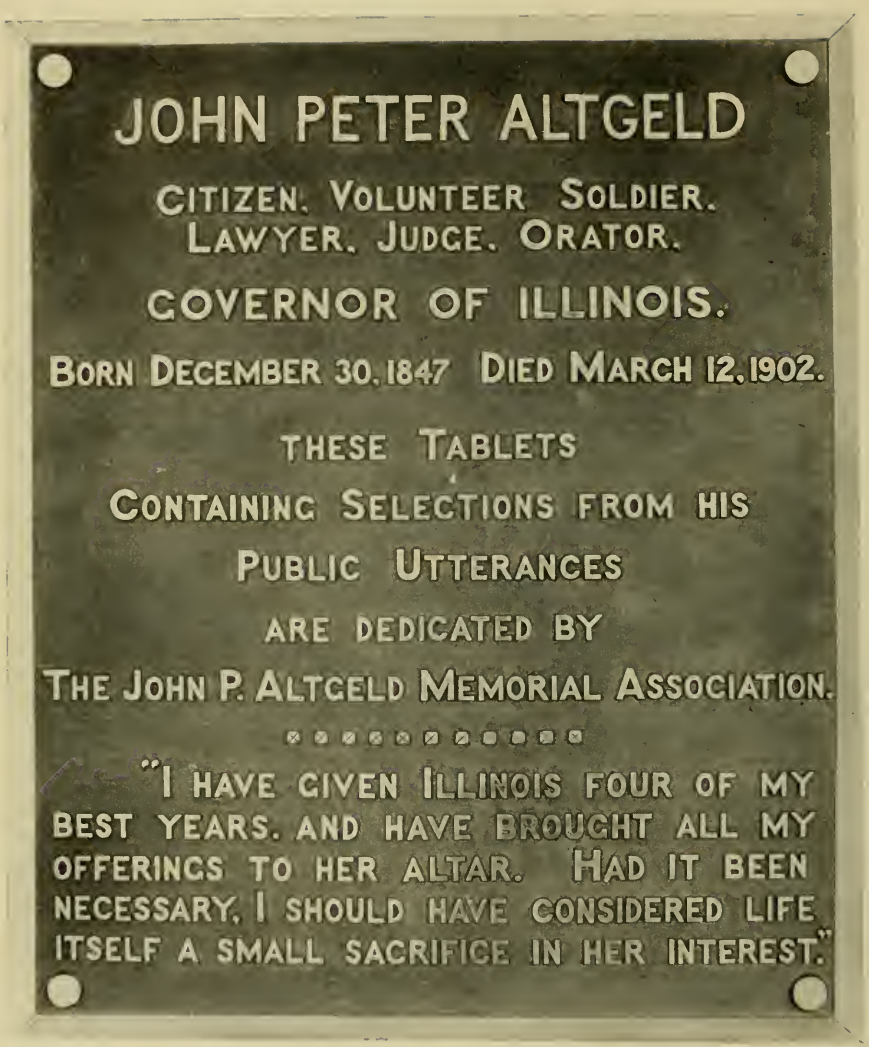
JOHN P. ALTGELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

OF CHICAGO

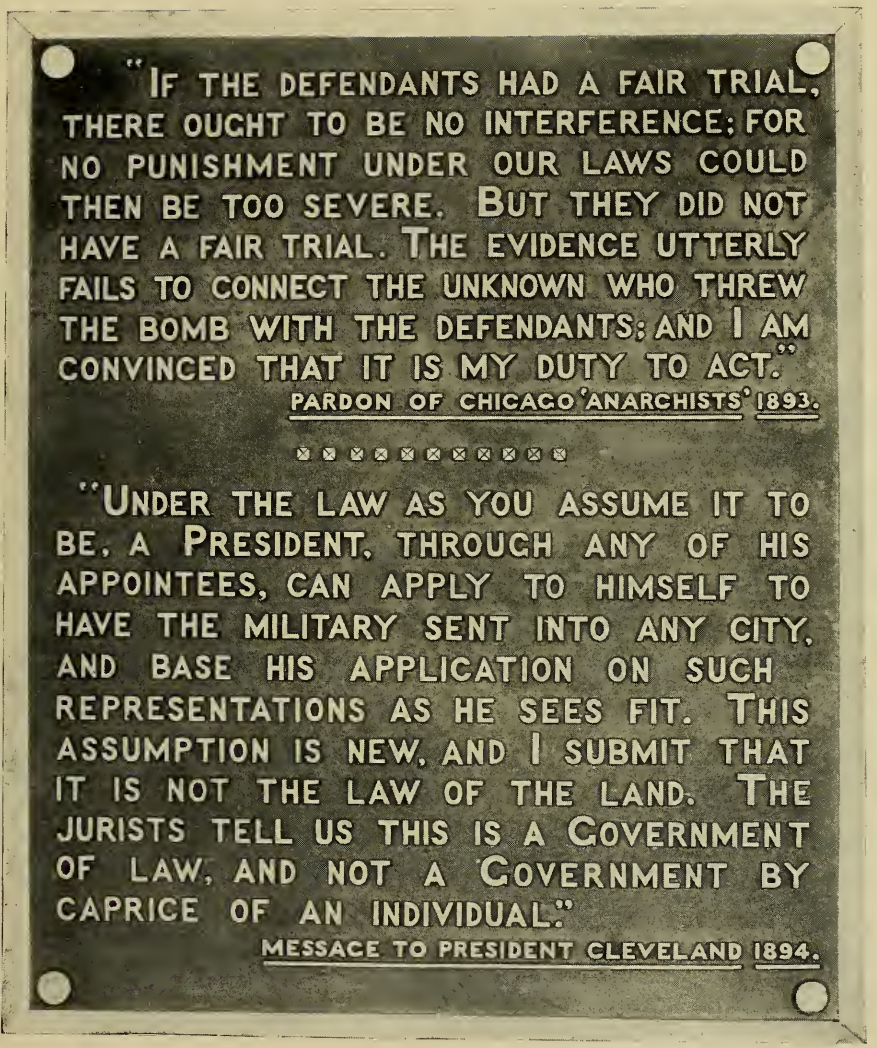
F 548
.A465

ALTGELD MONUMENT
GRACELAND CEMETERY
CHICAGO.

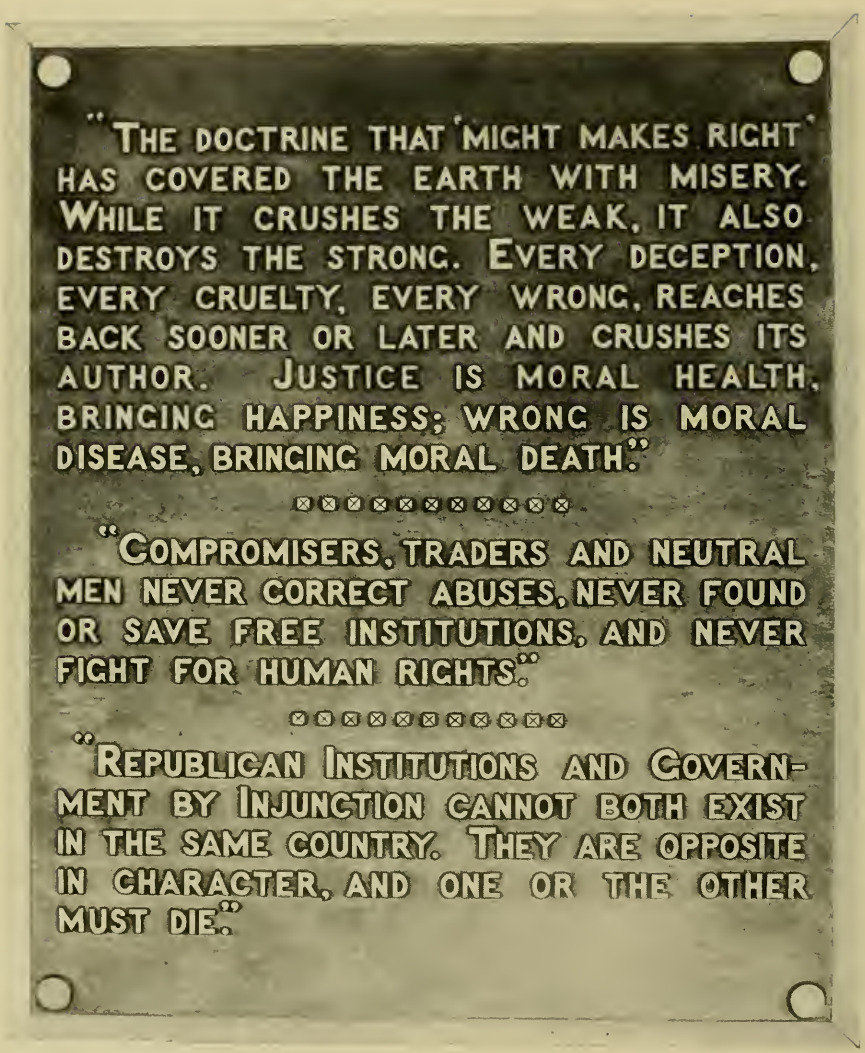
JOHN PETER ALTGELD
CITIZEN. VOLUNTEER. SOLDIER.
LAWYER. JUDGE. ORATOR.
GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.
BORN DECEMBER 30 1847 DIED MARCH 12 1902
THESE TABLETS
CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM HIS
PUBLIC UTTERANCES
ARE DEDICATED BY
THE JOHN P. ALTGELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
"I HAVE GIVEN ILLINOIS FOUR OF MY
BEST YEARS AND HAVE BROUGHT ALL MY
OFFERINGS TO HER ALTAR. HAD IT BEEN
NECESSARY, I SHOULD HAVE CONSIDERED LIFE
ITSELF A SMALL SACRIFICE IN HER INTEREST.
ALTGELD


JOHN PETER ALTGELD
CITIZEN. VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.
LAWYER. JUDGE. ORATOR.
GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.
BORN DECEMBER 30. 1847 DIED MARCH 12. 1902.
THESE TABLETS
CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM HIS
PUBLIC UTTERANCES
ARE DEDICATED BY
THE JOHN P. ALTGELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.
"I HAVE GIVEN ILLINOIS FOUR OF MY BEST YEARS. AND HAVE BROUGHT ALL MY OFFERINGS TO HER ALTAR. HAD IT BEEN NECESSARY, I SHOULD HAVE CONSIDERED LIFE ITSELF A SMALL SACRIFICE IN HER INTEREST."

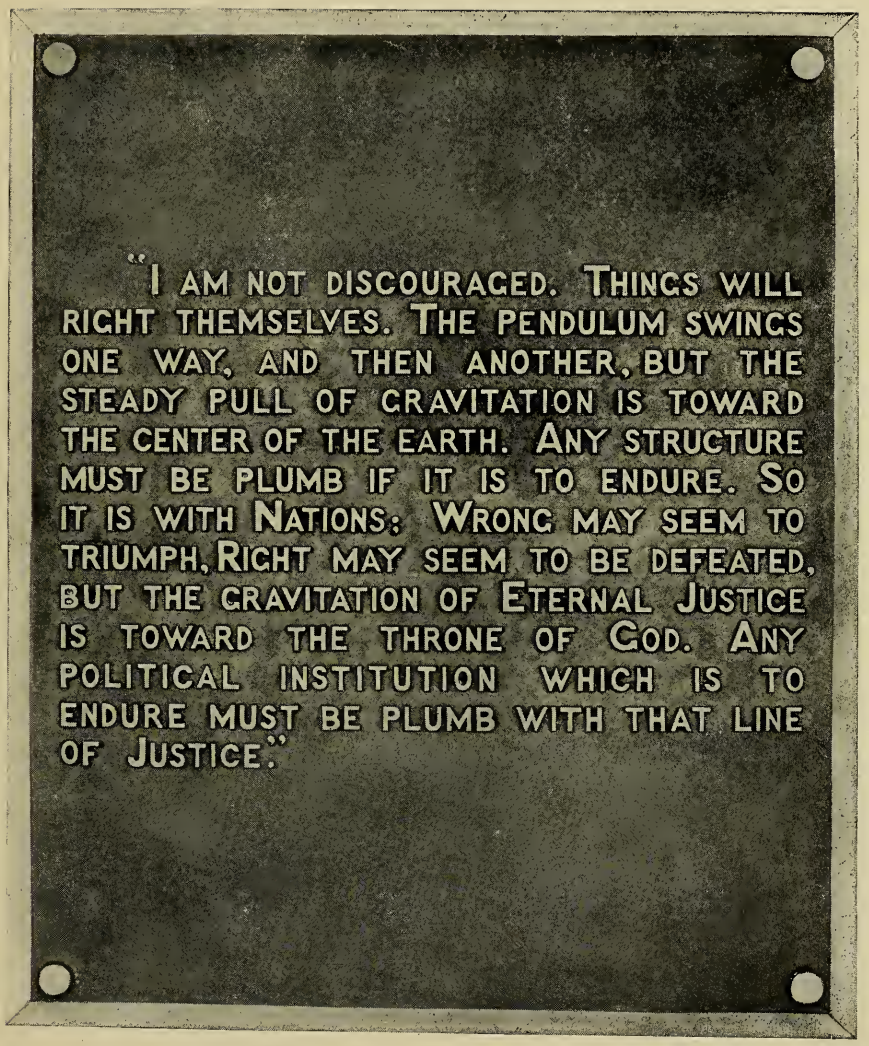
TABLET I.


"IF THE DEFENDANTS HAD A FAIR TRIAL, THERE OUGHT TO BE NO INTERFERENCE; FOR NO PUNISHMENT UNDER OUR LAWS COULD THEN BE TOO SEVERE. BUT THEY DID NOT HAVE A FAIR TRIAL. THE EVIDENCE UTTERLY FAILS TO CONNECT THE UNKNOWN WHO THREW THE BOMB WITH THE DEFENDANTS; AND I AM CONVINCED THAT IT IS MY DUTY TO ACT."
PARDON OF CHICAGO 'ANARCHISTS' 1893.
"UNDER THE LAW AS YOU ASSUME IT TO BE, A PRESIDENT, THROUGH ANY OF HIS APPOINTEES, CAN APPLY TO HIMSELF TO HAVE THE MILITARY SENT INTO ANY CITY, AND BASE HIS APPLICATION ON SUCH REPRESENTATIONS AS HE SEES FIT. THIS ASSUMPTION IS NEW, AND I SUBMIT THAT IT IS NOT THE LAW OF THE LAND. THE JURISTS TELL US THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF LAW, AND NOT A GOVERNMENT BY CAPRICE OF AN INDIVIDUAL."
MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND 1894.

**TABLET II.**


"THE DOCTRINE THAT 'MIGHT MAKES RIGHT' HAS COVERED THE EARTH WITH MISERY. WHILE IT CRUSHES THE WEAK, IT ALSO DESTROYS THE STRONG. EVERY DECEPTION, EVERY CRUELTY, EVERY WRONG, REACHES BACK SOONER OR LATER AND CRUSHES ITS AUTHOR. JUSTICE IS MORAL HEALTH, BRINGING HAPPINESS; WRONG IS MORAL DISEASE, BRINGING MORAL DEATH."
"COMPROMISERS, TRADERS AND NEUTRAL MEN NEVER CORRECT ABUSES, NEVER FOUND OR SAVE FREE INSTITUTIONS, AND NEVER FIGHT FOR HUMAN RIGHTS."
"REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS AND GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION CANNOT BOTH EXIST IN THE SAME COUNTRY. THEY ARE OPPOSITE IN CHARACTER, AND ONE OR THE OTHER MUST DIE."

TABLET III.


"I AM NOT DISCOURAGED. THINGS WILL RIGHT THEMSELVES. THE PENDULUM SWINGS ONE WAY, AND THEN ANOTHER, BUT THE STEADY PULL OF GRAVITATION IS TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. ANY STRUCTURE MUST BE PLUMB IF IT IS TO ENDURE. SO IT IS WITH NATIONS: WRONG MAY SEEM TO TRIUMPH, RIGHT MAY SEEM TO BE DEFEATED, BUT THE GRAVITATION OF ETERNAL JUSTICE IS TOWARD THE THRONE OF GOD. ANY POLITICAL INSTITUTION WHICH IS TO ENDURE MUST BE PLUMB WITH THAT LINE OF JUSTICE."

**TABLET IV.**

## GARRICK THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1910, 2:30 P. M.

DANIEL L. CRUICE, CHAIRMAN

## MUSIC BY THE SINAI CONGREGATION CHOIR

MR. ARTHUR DUNHAM, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR

*SOPRANOS*
MRS. MABEL SHARP HERDIEN
MRS. ARTHUR DUNHAM

*ALTOS*
MISS ROSE L. GANNON
MISS ELSIE SCHNADIG

*TENORS*
MR. W. B. ROSS
MR. GLENN HOBBS

*BASSOS*
MR. ALBERT BORROFF
MR. GUY SHAW

## ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRAYER BY THE REV. THOMAS E. COX

"HYMN TO THE HOMELAND" . . . . . *Sullivan*
BY THE CHOIR

ADDRESS . . . . . MR. W. E. CLARK

"NO SHADOWS YONDER" . . . . . *Gaul*
SOLO BY MR. ROSS

ADDRESS . . . . . MR. LEE MERIWETHER

UNVEILING OF THE BRONZE TABLETS
MISS ORIS GOTTLIEB

"AMERICA" . . . . . *Smith*
BY THE CHOIR AND AUDIENCE

ORATION . . . . . HON. GEORGE FRED. WILLIAMS

"GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN" . *Rankin*
BY THE CHOIR

The oil painting of Governor Altgeld exhibited on the platform is loaned by the Chicago Historical Society for this occasion.

# AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
    Let freedom ring.

My native country—thee,
Land of the noble, free—
    Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
    Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
    The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God,—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
    To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
    Great God, our King.

# Biography of John P. Altgeld

JOHN PETER ALTGELD was born in Germany in 1847. He was brought to this country as an infant by his emigrant parents, who settled near Mansfield, Ohio. His father and mother were poor and perhaps of narrow views in regard to the training of their children. He wished for a liberal education. Conscious of intellectual power, even as a young boy, he wanted to make the best of himself God had made possible. His schooling was very scanty. Like Lincoln, as a youth, he read few books, but good ones. Like him, too, he read them in the midst of discouragement and hardships. In 1863, at the age of sixteen, he became a private soldier in the Union army. Returning to his father's farm at the close of the war, he remained at work for his parents until he came to be twenty-one. Then, with only a few dollars borrowed from a friend, he started west to seek his fortune. He worked as a common laborer for a time, I remember that he told me once, in building a railroad in Arkansas. I suppose that it could not have been for long, for the latter part of 1869 found him a school teacher in a country school in Savannah, Missouri, and a law student in the office of a local lawyer at such times as he could snatch from his necessary work for a livelihood. In 1872 he was admitted to the bar, and immediately his ability gaining recognition, was made city attorney of Savannah. In 1874 he was elected state's attorney of the county of which Savannah was the county seat. But the duties which met him in that office were not to his taste. He served a year and then resigned and came to Chicago with the scant savings of his three years' practice to hew out his fortune and make his name among the citizens of Illinois.

(From address of Mr. Justice Edward O. Brown before the Chicago Historical Society, December 5, 1905.)

# Words of John P. Altgeld

Government is the constant meeting of new conditions.

While the past may admonish, it is the future that inspires.

Let us save our institutions: government by injunction must be crushed out.

In all ages only those people have had a measure of justice who were in a position to compel it.

Teach the employer that he is not above the law and the employe that he is not beneath its notice.

Only those nations grow great which correct abuses, make reforms and listen to the voice of the struggling masses.

It is the criminal rich and their hangers-on who are the real anarchists of our time. They rely on fraud and brute force.

All great reforms, all forward movements of the human race, were born of, were nurtured, rocked and reared by minority parties.

He (Henry George) had shown what one earnest, patriotic man can do toward restoring the people to their inheritance and then gone home.

The really influential men in America are, I repeat, the successful private individuals—positive men, earnest, conscientious, thorough-going men.

If our institutions are to undergo a great change, it is vital that the men of America and not the money should direct the change. Money may be a blessing as a servant, but it is a curse as a master.

Why do we honor the memory of Jackson? Amid temptation and threats of destruction he fixed his eye on the star of Justice, shook his fist in the face of power and delivered the American people.

It is worthy of note that in all times men who profit by wrong or seek the smile of injustice, assume an air of superiority. But their names are never stamped on any roll of honor and no tears moisten their graves.

In our country to-day both government and people are subservient to the corporations, and one argument in favor of Postal Savings Banks is that it would help to free both government and people from this domination.

In all ages and in all countries the men who are in the wrong deprecated discussion. In no countries have dishonest policies sought the sun, and no organizations of highwaymen have as yet petitioned for electric light.

The great men and women of the past who led the human race onward were not reared, as a rule, in the lap of luxury. They came, as a rule, from the bottom, and not from the top; they were familiar with hardships and were acquainted with sorrow.

No government was ever overthrown by the poor and we have nothing to fear from that source. It is the greedy and the powerful that pull down the pillars of state. Greed, corruption and pharisaism are to-day sapping the foundations of government.

We owe our country more than talk; we cannot discharge our duty by simply celebrating the glorious deeds of the past. The men who only do this proclaim to the world their imbecility and the humiliating fact that they are not capable of directing the great institutions which the fathers founded.

There is to-day no agency in American politics that is so fiercely hungry, so thoroughly unscrupulous, so absolutely destitute of every principle of honor as the great newspapers of this country, and God has not made the man who can do anything great or good for this city or this Republic while guided by their influence.

There is a peculiar pleasure in dedicating these monuments, because they commemorate the deeds of the volunteer soldiers, the citizen soldiers who came from the walks of every-day life, and who

represented the common sense, the rugged character, the love of country and the earnestness of the great American people.

Now, gentlemen, why do we celebrate the birth of Andrew Jackson? It is because he stood erect in the sight of Omnipotence and all the children of man, and defied the forces of plutocracy. It is because he stood for the great toiling masses of humanity, because he stood for those doctrines that are vital to free government.

Let me say to young men, this age is weary of the polite and weak camp followers, weary of servility, weary of cringed necks and knees bent to corruption. This age is calling for soldiers, calling for strong character, calling for men of high purpose, calling for men who have convictions of their own and who have the courage to act on them.

These two principles, i. e., Federal Union and Local Self-Government, have for a century been regarded as the foundation upon which the glory of our whole governmental fabric rests. One is just as sacred, just as inviolable, just as important as the other. Without Federal Union there must follow anarchy, and without Local Self-Government there must follow despotism.

Government by injunction is incompatible with republican institutions, and if it is to be sustained then there is an end of trial by jury in our country, and instead of being governed by law we will be subject to government by judges, and if government by injunction is to be sustained by federal judges, then we will soon have it on the part of State judges and the very foundations of free institutions will disappear.

Mr. Lincoln was nominated for president, and men who have since helped to canonize him then denounced him as a demagogue and a vulgar clown, with whom no respectable man could associate; he was regarded as an agitator who was endangering our institutions. There were at that time twenty-three preachers of the gospel in Springfield, Illinois, which was his home, and history has recorded the fact that only three supported Mr. Lincoln.

We glory in our common-school system; we glory in the fact that over a century ago Thomas Jefferson, while a member of the Legislature of Virginia, secured the enactment of laws, and the first law in that State, creating a common-school system, a system of

free libraries, and laying the foundation of a university. He recognized the fact, as we do, that universal education of the masses is an absolute necessity to the permanence of democratic institutions.

Every age has produced millions of strong and industrious men who knew no higher God than the dollar; who coined their lives in sordid gold, who gave no thought to blessing the world or lifting up humanity; men who owned ships and palaces and the riches of the earth, who gilded meanness with splendor and then sunk into oblivion. Posterity erected no statue to their memory, and there was not a pen in the universe that would even preserve a letter of their names.

There cannot be in a republic any institution exempt from criticism, and when any institute is permitted to assume that attitude it will destroy republican government. The judicial branch of the government * * * needs this criticism more than does either of the other two branches because * * * the people can make their will felt in the legislative and executive offices; but the federal judges * * * cannot be reached except by the moral sentiment and sense of justice created in the public mind by free criticism.

Government by injunction operates this way: When a judge wants to do something not authorized by law, he simply makes a law to suit himself. That is, he sits down in his chamber and issues a kind of ukase which he calls an injunction against the people of an entire community or of a whole State, forbidding whatever he sees fit to forbid, and which the law does not forbid, and commanding whatever he sees fit to command, and which the law does not command—for when the law forbids or commands a thing no injunction is necessary.

Great as is Chicago—great in its railroads, great in its factories, its warehouses, its office temples, great in its energy and enterprise of its people—its glory will fade unless it builds on more than material foundations.

The generations to come will care nothing for our warehouses, our buildings or our railroads; but they will ask what has Chicago done for humanity; where has it made man wiser, nobler or stronger; what new thought, or principle, or truth has it given to the world?

Government was created by power and has always been controlled by power. Do not imagine that it is sufficient if you have

justice and equity on your side, for the earth is covered with the graves of justice and equity that failed to receive recognition, because there was no influence or force to compel it, and it will be so until the millennium. Whenever you demonstrate that you are an active concentrated power, moving along lawful lines, then you will be felt in government. Until then you will not. This is an age of law as well as of force, and no force succeeds that does not move along legal lines.

What, then, draws the world to this man? It is the broad sympathy for suffering mortals which he possessed. Henry George's soul went out toward all that were in distress. His ear caught the cry of sorrow that has saddened the ages from the time that the children of Israel sat down by the river of Babylon and wept.

In writing "Progress and Poverty" he dipped his pen into the tears of the human race, and with a celestial clearness wrote down what he conceived to be eternal truths. When he died, there was nowhere a soul that cried out, "There is one iron hand less to grind us, one wolf less to tear our flesh," but everywhere a feeling that a friend of the race had gone.

Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death; and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality.

But, says some one, is there any use in our making an effort? Are not all the bankers of this country, all of the trusts and great corporations of this country, all the powerful forces of this country, is not the fashion of this country, are not the drawing-rooms and the clubs of this country now controlled by concentrated and corrupt wealth? Are they not growing stronger every year, and do they not vilify and attempt to crush everybody that does not submit? Can anything be accomplished in the way of curbing this great force and protecting the American people?

My friends, let me cite you a parallel: George William Curtis and other writers of his day have described the slave power back in the

50's. They tell us that slavery sat in the White House and made laws in the capitol; that courts of justice were its ministers; that senators and legislators were its lackeys; that it controlled the professor in his lecture-room, the editor in his sanctum, the preacher in his pulpit; that it swaggered in the drawing-room; that it ruled at the clubs; that it dominated with iron hand all the affairs of society; that every year enlarged its power, every move increased its dominion; that the men and the women who dared to even question the divinity of that institution were ostracized, were persecuted, were vilified—aye, were hanged.

But the great clock in the Chamber of the Omnipotent never stands still. It ticked away the years as it had once ticked away the centuries. Finally it struck the hour and the world heard the tread of a million armed men, and slavery vanished from America forever. Note the parallel. To-day the syndicate rules at the White House and makes laws at the capitol; courts of justice are its ministers; senators and legislators are its lackeys. It controls the preacher in his pulpit, the professor in his lecture-room, the editor in his sanctum; it swaggers in the drawing-room; it rules at the clubs; it dominates with a rod of iron the affairs of society. Every year enlarges its power; and the men and women who protest against the crimes that are being committed by organized greed in this country —who talk of protecting the American people—are ostracized, are vilified, are hounded and imprisoned. It seems madness to even question the divinity of the American Syndicate. But, my friends, that great clock is still ticking—still ticking. Soon it will again strike the hour and the world will see not 1,000,000 but 10,000,000 free men rise up, armed not with muskets, but with free-men's ballots, and the sway of the syndicate will vanish from America forever.

# JOHN P. ALTGELD

## A CHARACTER STUDY

# JOHN P. ALTGELD

## A CHARACTER STUDY

By Francis F. Browne
(Editor of The Dial, Chicago)

[Note.—*Immediately after the Presidential Campaign of 1896, the editor of "The National Review" of London requested Mr. Browne to prepare for its pages an article setting forth the issues of the campaign on the Democratic side, with some sketches of the principal leaders and incidents involved. The article was prepared, and appeared in "The National Review" for December, 1896. Mr. Altgeld's prominence in that campaign (in which he was at the same time a candidate for re-election as Governor) made him a leading figure in the article; and although written so soon after the heat of the conflict, the portions devoted to him showed such clear understanding of the man and such dispassionate analysis of the chief events in his career that it has been decided to reproduce these portions here, as affording, after the lapse of fourteen years, perhaps the best appreciation that has yet been given of Altgeld's character, purposes, and acts.*]

From the very opening of the Democratic National Convention of 1896, its leader and dominating spirit was John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois. He was the brain and will of the Convention, as Bryan was—very literally—its voice. Bryan's nomination was in the nature of an accident; Altgeld's leadership was inevitable from his position and his personal qualities—from his abilities, his courage, and his practical political sagacity. Even before the Convention assembled, he had done more than any other man to forecast its character, to create the situation and shape the issues which were there developed. In a speech of great power, delivered on one of the opening days of the Convention, before the adoption of a platform or balloting for a candidate for the Presidency, he had defined the issue, and sounded the key-note of the coming struggle. This speech, which was extemporaneous, occupied about thirty minutes; it was calm, forcible, earnest, convincing; its reception showed that the speaker had formulated the thoughts and wishes of the

Convention, and spoken the word for the hour. The demonstration that followed was the most magnificent evoked by any of the speakers save only Mr. Bryan, whose now famous "Crown of Thorns" speech came a day later, and a day later still his nomination for the Presidency. No contrast in persons and characters could be more marked than that between these two men, the foremost figures of the Convention and the campaign: the young orator of the West, a strong-limbed, strong-lunged athlete, stalwart, confident, and bold, with the rude force and enthusiasm of youth—with something, too, of its crudeness and immaturity,—but buoyant, assertive, "magnetic," with a power of homely and forceful eloquence that takes popular audiences by storm, a "man of the people," a "commoner," a radical and an optimist, with unbounded faith in Providence, in the Republic, and in himself, a man of destiny or of accident according to one's philosophy;—the Governor, a pale, intellectual, thoughtful man, with a sad and serious face; a temperament reflective and philosophical, yet alert and ready; calm, intrepid, and inflexible, able to stand alone against a thousand, yet quick to see the essential or potential elements in a situation and masterful in shaping them to desired ends; a man impatient at obstacles and objections, yet one to whom ultimate purposes and principles are more than present gains, and who knows how to bide his time; of unyielding courage and endurance, yet no voluntary martyr; able equally to bear attacks in silence or to give back blow for blow; a friend of humanity, and a hater of injustice to others as to himself; a keen critic of social institutions, who thinks one should not only desire improvement but should work practically to attain it; a mature student of politics and society, who sees clearly the costs and difficulties of reform; a man of independent fortune, whose place is yet by choice among the party of the poor; a public speaker lacking or disdaining the arts of oratory, yet swaying vast audiences by his earnestness and the force of his logical appeal; a semi-invalid who is yet capable of the most vigorous and sustained exertions, and whose physical powers are able to support the activities of his restless brain only by a will-force which, "like seasoned timber, never gives"; a nature somewhat passionate and quick, yet subdued

to habitual self-control; tried and tempered by adversity, yet kindly and sympathetic to all who deserve his courtesy;—such, roughly sketched, are some of the traits and characteristics of that remarkable man known as Governor Altgeld of Illinois, one of the most interesting and heroic figures in American public life. I watched him at the Convention, where he sat quietly in his place among the delegates, the centre and often the directing spirit of the exciting scenes, yet outwardly the most unmoved man upon the floor. I have for several years watched his career and studied his character; and though the present sketch may lack something of the sharpness of detail and clearness of portraiture that might come from a personal acquaintance, it may perhaps, for that very reason, have a better quality of disinterestedness.

It is now about ten years since I first heard the name of John P. Altgeld. I was connected with a publishing house, and came one day upon a manuscript bearing Mr. Altgeld's name as author. It was, as I recall, an essay upon Penal Reform, or something of that nature. I think the essay showed but a moderate degree of literary skill, and did not pretend to very much; but it showed force, and thought, and observation, and insight, and these qualities gave it a value which secured its publication. This naturally gave me an interest in the author; and though I had no meeting with him, I learned that he was a successful Chicago lawyer with a predilection for social and political studies. Shortly after this he was elected judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, and served upon the bench with credit, as I understood from members of the bar. During this period he wrote and spoke much on topics of general public interest, and also began taking a practical part in politics. In 1892 he was nominated by the Democratic Party as Governor of Illinois, and was elected by a substantial majority. His official and public acts since that time are matters of record and of history. I have understood that in the fifteen or twenty years preceding his election as judge he had accumulated a fortune of half a million or a million dollars. He had come to Chicago a poor boy, I think from some town or village in Ohio (he was born in Germany), and after a hard struggle with poverty he

was admitted to the bar, where he worked his way to a lucrative law practice. The most of his fortune, however, was made by lucky investments in real estate. His operations, it was said, were marked by a far-seeing sagacity, an unsparing analysis of all the factors of a situation, and a boldness that seemed bordering on recklessness in carrying his plans into execution. He bought outlying tracts of land and sub-divided them for the market; he mortgaged his land and erected business blocks and rows of houses which he sold at a profit; he appeared to take heavy chances, but the results usually sustained his judgment. These personal details would scarcely call for mention here, were they not significant in illustrating the practical side of Governor Altgeld's character, and in showing something of the activities and vicissitudes of his career. He is yet, I believe, but about fifty years of age. In appearance he is about medium height, of well-developed figure, and hair and beard untouched with grey. His manners are dignified, and his face is at once strong and refined,—in fact, he is one whose presence would attract attention in any company of distinguished men. Something in his expression, and in his careless manner of allowing his hair to fall over his forehead, marks him peculiarly as the caricaturist's prey,—very much as Mr. Howells, the novelist, whose gentle manners and kindly disposition endear him to all who know him, has yet something in the shape of his face and the matting of his hair which causes his pictures to represent him often as an uncomely ruffian.

Simultaneous with Mr. Bryan's candidacy for the Presidency was Mr. Altgeld's candidacy for a second four years' term as Governor of Illinois. From what has already been said it will be seen that he was his party's ablest and most influential leader and hence its logical candidate for the Presidency. This was, however, rendered impossible by the clause of the Federal Constitution limiting this high office to citizens of native birth; and Mr. Bryan, a more fortuitous candidate, was nominated instead. The positions of the two men, their simultaneous candidacy and mutual support, have therefore made them pre-eminent in the public mind. Against them have been directed the heaviest blows of the campaign; they have been from the beginning in

the very centre and vortex of the storm. Probably never in our political history have men battled against more overwhelming odds. All the personal and party hatreds toward Governor Altgeld were turned against Mr. Bryan also. His nomination was received first as a joke, and then as an outrage. The conservative elements of society appeared to be amazed and shocked by the candidates and their platform. All the weight of these conservative elements, of an almost united metropolitan press, of a nearly united pulpit, of the matchless political organization and unlimited resources of the great Republican Party, was directed against the new movement and its leaders; and upon these two champions were rained the fiercest and deadliest blows. As the campaign advanced and excitement ran higher and higher, there was more appeal to passion, more calling of hard names and charging of sinister motives. Hard names are so much easier to give than arguments, and in times of great public excitement are often so much more effective. They are the deadly weapons of debate, which should be prohibited as much as the revolver or the bowie-knife. It is hard to see why public sentiment and law, which forbid physical assault, should make so little of the deadlier assaults upon the higher personality of character and reputation. It must be recorded that the offenses of this nature were far more prevalent on the Republican side than on the Democratic. The latter used some ugly words, but they were more generally directed against systems or groups than against individuals; while on the Republican side the bitterest assaults were made against individuals. The tone of the Northern press toward the South at the outbreak of the Rebellion, amidst the fierce hatreds and angry passions of civil war, was scarcely more violent and intolerant than the tone of the leading opposition newspapers toward the Democratic leaders and their cause. It must also be regretfully recorded that the most violent and uncharitable of these phrases came not from the rude West but from the more cultured East. The most noted clergyman of New York City denounced from his pulpit "the crowned hero and worshipped deity of the anarchists of the Northwest," Governor Altgeld, who had the "magnificent effrontery" to go to New York to deliver an address in answer to a

severe attack that had been made upon him there by a prominent Republican orator. While thus resenting Mr. Altgeld's "invasion of the East," New York sent to oppose him in the West Mr. Carl Schurz, the most logical and formidable debater on the Republican side, who found in him alone a foeman worthy of his steel; and it sent also the two great popular orators, Depew and Ingersoll. A distinguished General of the Civil War, who commanded a corps of the Union Army in the fight at Gettysburg, was also sent to Illinois, to travel back and forth among its towns and villages, and inform the people that their Governor —the highest official of the third great State in the Union, chosen to his position by a majority of its five million inhabitants—was "a wolf who needed skinning." Another New York orator, who is regarded as one of the most conspicuous examples of "the scholar in politics" in America, before an audience of 13,000 people in Chicago denounced Governor Altgeld as "one who would connive at wholesale murder," who "condones and encourages the most infamous of murders," and both Altgeld and Bryan as men who "would substitute for the government of Washington and Lincoln a red welter of lawlessness and dishonesty as fantastic and vicious as the Paris Commune." The cartoonists of the campaign were not to be outdone by the writer or the orator. The Democratic leaders were portrayed as devils with horns and tails, as bats with outspread wings, as incendiaries with flaming torch, as assassins with knife and dagger. One cartoon represented Governor Altgeld as a pirate on a vessel's deck, under a black flag, a demon's scowl on his face, and an arsenal of murderous weapons at his waist; another showed him at the head of a gang of desperadoes, under a skull-and-cross-bones flag, in one hand a bombshell marked "Anarchy," in the other a flaming torch; still another, almost too horrible for description, was a ghastly picture of Governor Altgeld arm-in-arm with Guiteau (the abhorred murderer of President Garfield), each with a demon's face, and bearing in his hands a pistol and a dagger. The worst of these cartoons were not in newspapers, but in the most respectable and influential illustrated journals of the land. It is not pleasant to dwell on these revolting phases of the campaign, which I have illustrated merely with incidents

that came under my own eyes; there may have been worse ones on both sides, but I have not happened to see them. They are unparalleled, so far as I know, in American politics, except by the pre-election portraitures of Lincoln—when he was made to appear in certain sections of the country as an ape, a blackamoor, and a devil,—and by the vials of wrath poured out by press and pulpit upon our early Abolitionists, when the most crushing rejoinder that could be made to arguments for human freedom was thought to be, "Would you want your daughter to marry a nigger?"—corresponding to the logical *poser* of the present day, "Are you in favour of anarchy and murder?"

The introduction of Anarchy as a party cry and almost as a party issue is such a new and startling thing in politics that its significance cannot be overlooked. Whence has it come, this strange weapon in party warfare, and how has it been made so potent in this campaign?

The two most noteworthy events in Governor Altgeld's official career, and those with which his name is conspicuously connected, are the "pardon of the Anarchists" and the acts in connection with the labour riots in Chicago in 1894. The former made him probably the most hated man in America; the latter raised an issue that stirred the whole country, that was carried into the national platform of a great party, and has been made a prominent feature of a great national campaign. Mr. Altgeld had been Governor for something over a year, and, as far as I recall, had won good opinions from the people by his faithful administration of their affairs. He had shown zeal and energy, and high executive ability; progressive and scientific methods had been introduced into the management of public institutions; the educational interests of the State had received careful attention; measures for humane and philanthropic work—as the factory laws for the protection of children—had found in him an earnest and efficient supporter. Suddenly, in June, 1893, came his now famous "pardon message." In Illinois, the Governor has power by law to commute to imprisonment the sentences of men condemned to death for capital crimes, and to pardon those who are undergoing sentences of imprisonment. In the exercise of this power, on the date named, he issued pardons to three

men who were serving sentences for alleged complicity in the notorious "Haymarket riots" in Chicago in 1886. Such pardons are not uncommon in Illinois, and when issued are usually the result of a petition which brings the case to the Governor's attention, with a transcript of the records showing the facts, and a statement of the grounds on which executive clemency is sought; and the pardon, when granted, is often accompanied with a message from the Governor, briefly outlining the facts, and giving reasons for the pardon, for the information of the people. It was this statement of reasons in the Anarchists' case, rather than the pardon itself, that caused the vials of public wrath to be outpoured upon his head; this was the beginning of the animosity that has pursued him with unrelenting bitterness, that has defeated his re-election as Governor, and has been made a controlling element in a Presidential campaign. Had Governor Altgeld accompanied the pardon with a perfunctory official message, stating in a general way that the pardon should be issued, comparatively little would have been said about it. Had he been a timid and prudential man, or had he not had the training and temperament of a lawyer and a judge, this is probably what he would have done. But he is so far from being a timid man, that he chose not only to issue the pardon, but, in giving his reasons, to controvert some of the most essential matters of law and fact that were involved in the trial of the case. This remarkable and exhaustive review—a document of sixty printed pages—is before me as I write. The Governor states that "The several thousand merchants, bankers, judges, lawyers, and other prominent citizens of Chicago, who have by petition, by letter, and in other ways, urged executive clemency, mostly base their appeal on the ground that, assuming the prisoners to be guilty, they have been punished enough." On the grounds thus urged, the Governor refuses to interfere in the case, saying: "If the defendants had a fair trial, and nothing has developed since to show that they are not guilty of the crime charged in the indictment, then there ought to be no executive interference, for no punishment under our laws could then be too severe. Government must defend itself; life and property must be protected, and law and order must be maintained; murder must be

punished, and if the defendants are guilty of murder, either committed by their own hands or by someone else acting on their advice, then if they have had a fair trial there should be in this case no executive interference. The soil of America is not adapted to the growth of Anarchy."

The Governor then proceeds to say that another portion of the petitioners had based their appeal on different grounds—on alleged errors in the trial of the case; and these errors he proceeds very carefully to examine. It is, of course, impossible to go into them here; the most interesting one relates to a principle of law laid down by the trial judge, which he himself declared to be without a precedent, as no example of the case could be found in the law books. It should be mentioned here—to the surprise, possibly, of many readers—that the bomb-thrower in this *cause célèbre* was never discovered by the authorities; that some of the convicted and executed men were not even present at the scene of the bomb-throwing; that the prosecution and conviction of the seven defendants, to quote the language of the trial judge, "has not gone upon the ground that they did actually have any personal participation in the particular act which caused the death," but if the jury believed the unknown thrower of the bomb might have been influenced or incited to the commission of the crime by anything written or spoken by the defendants, then the jury might hold them guilty of the crime. The Governor, waiving consideration of this legal doctrine, which he says may well be declared to be "without a precedent," for in all the centuries in which government has been maintained among men and crime has been punished no judge in a civilized country has ever laid down such a rule before, proceeds to say that "taking the law as above laid down, it was necessary under it to prove, and that beyond a reasonable doubt, that the person committing the violent deed had at least heard or read the advice given; for until he either heard or read it he did not receive it, and if he did not receive it he did not commit the violent act in pursuance of that advice; and it is here that the case for the State fails." There were still other defects in the trial, the Governor alleged and specified, sufficient in themselves to call for executive interference; and accordingly the

pardons were issued, as already stated. The unjust conviction had been partly due, the message further declared, to an excited public opinion, which had been inflamed by the newspapers. The affronted newspapers and affronted public opinion bitterly resented the imputation. The charge was indeed a grave one: the same verdict that sent these men to prison sent five others to the scaffold, and if the former were unjustly and unlawfully deprived of liberty, the latter were unjustly and unlawfully deprived of life. There was an outburst of popular indignation, and from that time Governor Altgeld became a *bête noire* to all the newspapers in Chicago, the city where the trial and execution had been held. They began accounting for his course by suggesting every imaginable unworthy motive—reaching by degrees the singular discovery that he was himself an anarchist and had pardoned these men because he sympathized with their plans and purposes: a sort of logic by which the pardon of a man sentenced for murder would prove the pardoner himself a murderer, or the pardon of a man sentenced for wife-beating would prove the pardoner himself a wife-beater. It was this sinister accusation, thus originating, and expanded by every conceivable device of partisan ingenuity and malevolence, that has done such effective service this year in the State and National campaign; it is the fairness and justness of this accusation, and the legitimacy of such weapons in party warfare, rather than any question about the right or wrong of the pardon act, that is the issue here sought to be presented.

The cry of "Anarchy," the origin and significance of which can be understood only in connection with the general facts set forth in the foregoing summary—facts that are matters of record, and can be investigated *in extenso* by anyone having the time and disposition—this sinister and dangerous cry was not the only one of like character that was raised against the Democratic leaders and their cause. It has been charged and constantly reiterated by the most respectable journals and orators of the opposition, not only that Governor Altgeld was a sympathizer with criminals and opposed to the execution of the laws, but that he was the friend of rioters and the enemy of social order. It was his influence, it has been declared, that procured the adoption of the "worst

plank" in the Democratic platform—the plank described as favoring "free riots" and the "overthrow of the judiciary." The plank thus denounced is directly and logically the outgrowth of another noteworthy event in Governor Altgeld's official career. The prominence given to this event, and its influence as a factor in the campaign, make it necessary that the facts be briefly recited here.

In the summer of 1894 an unusually serious strike occurred in Chicago. It began among the employees of the Pullman Car Company's shops, and soon spread to the employees of the railroads, until there was a refusal to haul any trains containing Pullman cars, and practically a "tie-up" of all the roads leading out of Chicago. The strikers asserted that the strike was directed solely against the hauling of Pullman cars; that all trains not containing these cars would be manned and run as usual; and they particularly asked that all mail-cars should be detached and forwarded. This the railroads, which united and acted for the occasion under an executive committee, refused; and the strike became more general and stubborn, involving presently the usual incidents of riot and disorder. Under the laws of Illinois, whenever a riot or an unlawful disturbance becomes too serious for the local authorities to manage, the State militia is called out by the Governor, upon application from the Mayor or Sheriff of the city or county where the trouble has occurred. In the present case, several days passed during which no such call was made. The evidence shows that repeated telegrams were received by the Mayor from the Governor, asking to be advised if help was needed; that troops were held in readiness day and night to move at a moment's notice; that the Mayor's replies to the Governor's enquiries were to the effect that the trouble was not too serious for the local authorities, who were in control of the situation and did not need assistance. It should be noted that the Governor was at the capital of the State, nearly two hundred miles from the scene of the disturbance, and could have no knowledge of the situation except as gained from others; and that he naturally relied upon the local authorities to keep him informed, as he had in fact requested. The Mayor of Chicago at that time was a young, energetic, and ambitious man, and had at his disposal a

large and highly efficient police force; and he doubtless had a feeling of pride in demonstrating his ability to control affairs in his own municipality. He sent the Governor reassuring telegrams, and delayed asking for assistance; and he seems at last to have made a reluctant requisition for troops, only upon the urgent suggestion of the Governor himself. He perhaps overestimated his own strength and underestimated the seriousness of the disturbance; it is known that the current newspaper accounts were greatly exaggerated,—and it is to be noted that the Chief of Police of the city, in testifying in the matter before a Committee appointed by Congress to investigate the strike, a few months later, distinctly stated that at no time had he regarded the riots as beyond his control. But whatever the cause of the delay in calling on the Governor for aid, there could be no question of the promptness and energy of the response when the requisition came; the troops that had been held day and night in readiness were put instantly in motion, and in a few hours several strong regiments were at the scene of disorder, and did effective service.

But meanwhile a singular and unlooked-for situation had arisen. The President of the United States had been telegraphed to by some local Federal official, acting, it is understood, on the suggestion or at the instance of the committee of railroad managers, or their counsel; and in response to this appeal the President had ordered certain detachments of United States regulars to Chicago—and these regulars were actually there and on duty before the arrival of the State militia. There was no conflict of authority between these two forces, those of the State and those of the United States; they worked together, and with the local authorities, in suppressing riot and enforcing law and order —a task that was soon accomplished. But Governor Altgeld, regarding the call for Federal troops as a reflection on the State authorities, and possibly with some natural exasperation at the false position in which he had been placed, at once forwarded to the President a statement of the case, declaring that no emergency had arisen requiring the presence of Federal troops, and no call for them had been made in either of the ways prescribed by the Federal Constitution; that the regularly constituted

authorities and forces of Illinois were abundantly able to preserve peace and order in their State; that the use of Federal troops was unnecessary, and a violation of law; and that for these reasons he protested against their presence and asked for their immediate withdrawal. To this the President made a courteous and dignified response, but the troops were not withdrawn; the Governor, after repeating his protest, accepted the situation, and the incident was closed. But it has given rise to an endless and acrimonious discussion, carried at last, as we have seen, as a political issue, into a Presidential campaign. Into the merits of that discussion it is not necessary here to go. It is a case that may be, and has been, argued by able constitutional lawyers on both sides. Governor Altgeld holds one view, and when the issue suddenly arose in his official life, he raised a question of Constitutional law and made his formal protest under it, as a lawyer would file his objection in a cause. He belongs, it must be explained, to a political school traditionally jealous of Federal interference in State affairs, a school that has included a brilliant line of Democratic statesmen, from Jefferson's day to ours. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Palmer, a present Democratic Senator of the United States, and the recent "Gold Democrat" candidate for the Presidency, has also been a Governor of Illinois, and had a similar tilt with the Federal Government on the question of its interference in State affairs. There were some serious riots in Chicago in 1871, on which occasion Governor Palmer made a protest, far more spirited than Governor Altgeld's, against the use of Federal troops, even demanding the criminal indictment of their commander, General Sheridan, for the killing of a citizen by a soldier under his command. On the side of President Cleveland it must be pointed out that the sending of troops in 1894 was declared to be not for the purposes of police duty, as was the case in 1871, but for the protection and maintenance of the mail-service, and the enforcement of the laws of the United States regarding inter-state commerce. These inter-state commerce laws were not in force in 1871; but the mails doubtless suffered obstruction by reason of the riots, and this might have been made a reason for the use of Federal troops then, as on the later occasion. There is a difference between

the positions of the two Governors, to be taken into account for whatever it is worth in the discussion of the somewhat difficult legal and constitutional questions involved, the pursuit of which, however, is no part of the present enquiry. The essential thing here is the strangeness of the logic and the blindness of the animosity that would make this point of difference a ground for the sweeping condemnation of Governor Altgeld, and for denouncing him as a "defender of rioters" and a "friend of lawlessness and disorder." By means of these denunciations, and under the exigencies of a furious political campaign, a popular conception has actually been created that he was one who not only refused to suppress rioting himself, but was angry with the President for assuming the duty which he would not perform; so easy is it to mis-state the positions and misconceive the acts and motives of those to whom we are ill-disposed.

In studying the results and significance of any great political contest, it is of course of the first importance to understand clearly what were the issues presented and what were the controlling influences in the struggle; for in no other way can we arrive at anything like correct conclusions. It was foreseen that the result in Illinois, the third in size of the forty-five States of the Union, might in itself, and by its influence on neighbouring doubtful States, determine the national contest; hence the tactical policy of taking advantage of the unpopularity of Governor Altgeld, and, by the concentrated and tremendous efforts to break him down, to bear down with him the Presidential candidate. That the cry of "Anarchy" which had already been raised against Governor Altgeld could defeat him in his own State must be thought sufficiently strange when we consider how groundless and unjust the charge; that it could actually have been carried into national politics, and have been made to serve as a chief factor in the defeat of a candidate for the Presidency, will doubtless seem incredible. But it must be so recorded by the dispassionate observer. Every possible power was brought to bear to place upon the Democratic candidate and his party the odium attaching in the public mind to Governor Altgeld and his alleged "criminal sympathies and anarchistic tendencies." He, it was declared, was "the power behind the

Convention, and Bryan was his tool." He was "an enemy of the Constitution"; he stood for "all the essential doctrines of Jeff Davis and Herr Most"; and his "final aim and purpose" were declared to be nothing less than the "overthrow of law and order, the rights of property, and conservative government in the United States." These attacks came in every conceivable form, and from all sides at once — like the converging fire upon the charging column at Balaclava; the wonder is not at the result, but that any sort of fight was possible against such desperate odds. He was treated as an outlaw, who was to be denied the rights of ordinary warfare. Every attempt to correct the most exorbitant mis-statements of facts, to defend himself from the most infamous accusations, was greeted with a new storm of epithets and objurations from his enemies. "They out-talked him, hissed him, tore him." The right to a hearing was practically denied him by the attitude of the majority of his countrymen. The charge of being an anarchist he has, of course, never stooped to answer, based as it is on the fine logic — with the insuperability of which the reader of history is by no means unfamiliar — that to question another's guilt of an odious crime is to prove the questioner himself a criminal; as Byron said, he knew he should be damned for hoping no one else would ever be. He has, however, been always ready to answer to his constituents for his official acts; and for those that have been most severely criticized he has given the fullest and most exhaustive statement of facts and reasons, — statements that probably have never been examined, very likely never even heard of, by one person in a thousand of those who have accepted the accusations of his enemies and joined in the popular clamour against him. The current misconception of him and of his acts would be grotesque were it less pernicious. Trained in the knowledge and practice of the law, with a strict regard for the observance of legal forms and requirements, he has yet been successfully represented as the friend of lawlessness. An individualist in standpoint and opinion — one who, his mind once fixed, would hold his course indifferent to the current of the hour — he is yet depicted as a demagogue, notwithstanding that his most important acts have been done in the very teeth of public sentiment. With that

readiness to impute low aims and motives which is a curse of party politics, it was said that he "truckled to the lower classes," that his object was to "catch the labour vote"; yet when occasion arose, as it did in connection with the labour-contracts of the State Penitentiary, he antagonized the labour unions as unhesitatingly as he had antagonized the newspapers and the so-called "better elements" of society. It is easy to see that such a man must have a rocky path; and he has had it, and has held his course in it. The man who can do this, unmoved and undeterred by the disapproval and denunciation of his fellows, must be either very strong or very dull; and the bitterest enemies of Governor Altgeld have never called him dull. But it can be little wonder, under such conditions as have been shown, that he was beaten in this campaign, and by a rather weak opponent; his success under the circumstances would have been but little short of miraculous. It is because of the unprecedented nature of the great struggle, the world-wide interest in its leading issues, the contradictory accounts of men and measures which might well puzzle observers at a distance, that I have sought to illustrate some of its more vital and significant phases as identified with the career and character of one of the foremost actors in this now historic drama—John P. Altgeld of Illinois.

---

NOTE.— Governor Altgeld's full official statement in the matter of the "pardon of the anarchists," with an exhaustive review of the case, is accessible to the public in a pamphlet of sixty pages; and the facts regarding the Chicago riots of 1894 are to be found in full in the official Report of the Adjutant-General of Illinois for 1893-4, in the Report to Congress of the committee of that body appointed to investigate the strike, and in many other official documents and records.

# Addresses and Oration

DELIVERED AT THE
DEDICATORY EXERCISES

## Vice-President Jacob C. LeBosky Introducing Mr. Daniel L. Cruice, Chairman

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In the absence of Mr. Gottlieb, President of the Altgeld Memorial Association, it is my privilege and pleasure to welcome you today, and to introduce as Chairman of this meeting one of John P. Altgeld's devoted friends, Mr. Daniel L. Cruice.

# Address by Mr. Daniel L. Cruice, Chairman

*Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

When we consigned to earth all that was mortal of John P. Altgeld, a few of his friends organized the JOHN P. ALTGELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, for the purpose of meeting from time to time, and renewing our devotion to his memory, and re-affirming our loyalty to the political and economic creeds sponsored by him.

To those of us who had the privilege of being near him during the storm raised by the dishonest—and, in many instances, corrupt—criticism of his conduct, this Association affords the opportunity of hurling into the teeth of his calumniators the falsehoods uttered by them.

We do not seek to perpetuate his name or his fame, as we realize that in his lifetime Governor Altgeld so firmly established his place in history that more than impotent would be our efforts to write his name higher than he has written it himself.

We gather from time to time to attest to the world our knowledge of the patriotism, the honesty, the humanity of Altgeld.

His patriotism was evidenced not alone by his shouldering a musket in time of war, but by his ceaseless warfare in times of peace upon those who, by corruption, were undermining the institutions of our country.

His honesty was evidenced by the fact that he went into the office of Governor of this state a rich man, that he served through a period when his signature to any of a number of venal bills passed by legislatures would have meant untold wealth to him, yet he died a poor man with a mortgage on the home that sheltered him.

His humanity was evidenced by his untiring interest in the victims of commercial greed,—every message addressed to the legislature contained appeals for the workingmen, the working-women, the victims of child labor; every public utterance was a protest against injustice and a plea for justice. Not alone did his humanity encompass individuals, but when the lives of the Transvaal Republics were in the balance,—when the red-coated emissaries of a giant empire sought to shoot and hang into submission the sturdy burgers who defended the Republics,—it was Altgeld, and Altgeld only, who raised his voice in protest, and who, as he finished an eloquent plea for justice between nations, lapsed into unconsciousness and died.

We have invited you here to assist us in unveiling metal tablets containing selections from his public utterances; and the duty of selecting utterances for perpetuation in metal was not without embarrassment, for of his utterances it may be said that all of them deserved such perpetuation. In discussing selections, there was some difference of opinion as to what should appear upon the limited space afforded by the tablets. Some one said: "Turn to the passages in his utterances that immutably establish his sublime courage, that show his contempt for the cant and hypocrisy of his period, that throws him into relief as a moral giant amongst pigmies," and instantly was agreement as to the utterances on the tablets.

In holding our various services, we have attempted to have them conform to the ideals of the Governor in his life. He was a Christian in the larger sense of the word, he was a patriot in all that the word implies, and a humanitarian in every atom of his being. It is fit, therefore, that we invoke prayer, hymn, and speech on this occasion.

Our knowledge of the high esteem merited by Father Cox, and the esteem so freely accorded Father Cox by Governor Altgeld in his life, impelled us to invite Father Cox to be with us today; and I now respectfully request Father Cox to lead us in prayer.

# Prayer by the Rev. Thomas E. Cox

Almighty Father, Who in Thy Holy Word hast said: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation." "Let the people shew forth their wisdom, and the church declare their praise." The memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Mercifully deign to look with favor upon all who are gathered here in the spirit of love and good will. Bless the work of this hour. Bring to our minds the ideals, the purposes, and the hopes, that inspire and uplift human life. Make us humble in our own eyes, as was the great man whose memory we cherish today, and give us courage to be strong for the right, as he was, and faithful till death. AMEN.

## Chairman Cruice Introducing Mr. W. E. Clark

*Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Looking back into the years when Altgeld was with us, one of the things that impresses us is the influence Altgeld exerted upon the young men of his day. Meeting them as they crossed the threshold of manhood suffrage, it was his greatest pleasure to point them the way to decent self-respecting citizenship.

He used no arts of oratory, no pharisaical preachments, no sounding rounded platitudes,—nothing but the simple language of an earnest man.

He told not of matters beyond the grave, nor of official or other emoluments waiting to reward virtue; but he pointed out the duty one man owed to another; that misery and suffering invited human sympathy and aid; that corruption in public life meant national decay.

He took them by the hand and led them through the gardens of citizenship; he pointed out the flowers to be nourished and cherished, the weeds to be rooted out, and the political poison ivy to be avoided.

He told them, and told them truly, that when life's toil is collected, all one has left is one's self-respect; without it, life is vain, all else in the world is dross; with it, life's chalice is filled.

Those who followed Altgeld followed with the knowledge that approval of conscience would be the only reward. Yet no serried ranks of soldiery, no panoplied brigades went forth more bravely to battle than did the young men enrolled by Governor Altgeld; and though routed — horse, foot and dragoons, — though overwhelmed by force of numbers, yet today they stand the defeated but unconquered champions of Altgeld, his memory and the political, ethical, and moral standards raised by him.

Among the young men to whom Altgeld was the political north star were many with the ability to tell of their faith and the reasons therefor.

We asked one of them to address us to-day, and I am sure that it will afford you the same pleasure to hear, that it did us to select, Mr. W. E. Clark.

# Address by Mr. W. E. Clark

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

John P. Altgeld was born in Germany. He grew to manhood in Ohio, spending nearly all the rest and the better part of his life in Illinois. And he spent it in such a manner as to justify us in calling him a "citizen of the world." His life and labors were such as to make it impossible for the future historian to write the history of the struggle for human liberty without including the name of Governor Altgeld of Illinois.

I was a boy in college—just reaching up to manhood—when the name of Governor Altgeld was first brought prominently to my attention. A class-mate was denouncing him for pardoning the Anarchists. On asking why he pardoned them, my friend replied that it was because Altgeld, too, was an anarchist.

Owing to pressure of school work, the incident lay dormant in my mind until one morning during the summer vacation of 1894, when I read Governor Altgeld's first telegram to President Cleveland, protesting against what many termed an "unwarranted act" on the part of the President. As the days followed, subsequent telegrams between Governor Altgeld and President Cleveland proved to the satisfaction of my mind that John P. Altgeld was not an anarchist. But only a casual glance at the situation revealed the fact that tyranny, if not anarchy, was aiming at the life of our Republic. I was convinced that my friend was right in the diagnosis of the disease, but that he had made a mistake as to its location. A further study of the Altgeld-Cleveland controversy, and the usurpation of power on the part of federal judges, and Governor Altgeld's fortitude through it all in contending against great odds for the enforcement of law, demonstrated beyond any possible doubt that the century which produced Lincoln was still fertile, and that it had given us another Man.

The environment or conditions which place men in different and sometimes bitterly hostile political parties, divisions, or nations, are soon forgotten. While they are new, however, they often serve as a curtain to the mind, preventing us from seeing the good qualities in an opponent. But, fortunately for the peace of mankind, changing conditions are always shifting men from one political party, division, or country to another. This fact proves the oneness of humanity, and that enmities between individuals and peoples are due almost invariably to the state of the mind and not to the iniquity of the heart. The rank and file who make up the numerical strength and constitute the actual support of the contending political organizations in this or in any country,—in other words, those who do the work of the world—are a unit in adhering to the underlying principles which govern human society, they are all working for the comfort and happiness of home and those they love. And the great world character is the man who looks beyond geographical boundary lines, wishing that all peoples may have the same liberties, the same or equal opportunities, that he and his people possess.

We are met today to pay tribute to the memory of such a man. You do not expect from me an analysis of Governor Altgeld's career. That pleasant duty necessarily belongs to older men, to those who were with him in the fight he waged for a better world in the here and now. I never had the pleasure of coming in close personal contact with the man Altgeld; but the fact that one who never saw him is yet eager to share in paying tribute to his memory proves that the name of Altgeld belongs to humanity. His personal friends will soon follow him into the great silence; and were only they to sing his praises, the melody of that splendid life would ere long cease to be an inspiration.

Like every man who is wise enough to believe in, and brave enough to advocate, absolute and impartial justice among men, Governor Altgeld was not without enemies. His bravery in taking a decided stand on the important political questions of the day very naturally, although unfortunately, made him the target for a great deal of vindictive criticism from those who held opposite views; and if there had been nothing to the man but a bright intellect and an eloquent tongue, prejudice would have

quickly buried those qualities in the cemetery of abuse. But back of every position that he took, upholding every argument that he made, shining through every word that fell from his lips or issued from his pen, and inspiring every act of his energetic life, was a quenchless increasing love for his fellow-men.

In support of this estimate of Governor Altgeld, I want to refer briefly to his treatment of that unconstitutional innovation on the part of federal judges, called government by injunction; and also to his interest in the youth of America.

In the judgment of many of the great minds of his day, Governor Altgeld's arguments against government by injunction were unanswerable. They were so clear that his opponents on that question were left with only two alternatives,—either to generously admit that he had proved his case, or resort to abuse. And the pity of it is that too many of them adopted the latter course.

Governor Altgeld demonstrated by cool and clear reasoning that government by injunction is a usurpation of power, and therefore a crime; and straight way those who had usurped that power, and those who were profiting off the spoils of that crime, called him an "anarchist." He argued for the enforcement of law; and immediately the representatives of a few of the great corporations that were conducted as though they were above the law, especially those that were being enriched at the terrible expense of the unprotected poor, called him "lawless." He showed that it was unconstitutional, and therefore a high crime, for a judge to deprive a man of his constitutional right to a trial by jury, rob him of his liberty, imprison him without a trial according to the forms of law; and they said he was an "enemy of peace and order." Governor Altgeld proved conclusively that republican institutions and government by injunction, being of opposite character, cannot both exist in the same country; and they said he was trying to "destroy the Republic."

But all the vituperation which the real enemies of our Republic were capable of hurling at him could not budge John P. Altgeld from the course that, to him seemed right. Nor could the actually offered bribe of a million dollars make him waver in his career, or even hesitate to be a man.

At length, a few began to see the object of all the hostile criticism; they began to see through all the falsehoods and insinuations, through all the bitter tirades that political opponents, aided by an unfriendly press, could fling at this noble man. Like Lincoln, he had battled on until the name of Altgeld became a part of the history of the struggle for human liberty. And now it cannot be erased from that record.

When the name of every time-server who vilified and abused him has faded from the memory of man, the name of Altgeld will continue to inspire the young men of America to respond to the cry of humanity.

I have said it cannot be erased from the historic struggle for human liberty. Neither can the forces of reaction tear out the page on which that name is inscribed, because that page is the human heart,—because the name of Altgeld is indelibly stamped in the hearts of those who toil.

Governor Altgeld will be remembered for his interest in the youth of our country. In his address to the graduates of the University of Illinois, or when laying the corner-stone of a normal school,—in fact in every address to the young, he never failed to incorporate the thought that human society rests upon the shoulders of those who toil; and that only they are deserving of respect who gladly accept and cheerfully perform their share of the world's work. He saw danger lurking in the pathway of the dilettantism that is slowly creeping across the country; and believing it to be the result of an idle purposeless life, he emphacised the necessity, the importance, and the dignity of labor. With all the power of his vigorous soul, he abhorred parasitism—social, economic, or political.

He believed that everyone should have leisure from bread-winning or money-getting in order to have an opportunity for improving the mind. Having observed that those who read are those who rule, he advocated an eight-hour day so as to give the workers a chance to read. Believing that the best form of society is that in which all of its members are equal before the law, he had the courage to follow that principle to its logical end. In other words, having arrived at that conclusion, he did not lose his power to reason, or his sense of justice. In office

and out of office, consistency with Altgeld was a jewel that retained the same lustre and the same degree of magnitude. He saw that, in a republic, those who are compelled to obey the law must have an equal voice and vote, both in the making and in the enforcing of that law.

And he said all of this to the young—to those who in a few years will be the State. He wanted the youth of our country to face the world and its responsibilities with a clear and receptive mind, thoroughly impressed with the fact that "labor is the only door to achievement; there is no other way."

In closing, I want to read four brief quotations from Governor Altgeld. The first is from an interview on the wearing of gowns by judges:

"No robe ever enlarged a man's brain, ripened his wisdom, cleared his judgment, strengthened his purpose, or fortified his honesty. If he is a little man without a robe, he is contemptible in a robe. If a man is large without a robe, he is simply ludicrous in one. . . . Our age is superior to the middle ages only in so far as it has progressed beyond sham and formalism, lofty pomp and hollow and dull dignity, and asks now to show things as they are."

The next two are from addresses to students:

"The men who gather at banquets dressed in fine linen and soft raiment may imagine that they are the State, but it is not so. Many of them are simply parasites, eating bread that others toil for; all could be wiped out and the nation would go right on; they would scarcely be missed. It is the intelligent men who create and produce the things that make a State, who are its bulwarks. Remove them suddenly from existence and the State is lost."

"Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death; and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast-fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly-rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the

poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality."

The same thought is continued in an address at Springfield in 1898:

"Never before did the world call so loudly and so earnestly for men who will make honor the pole star of conduct. . . . I appeal to you to prepare yourselves for the great work before you, for upon you it must devolve. Most of us who have been laboring in the vineyard, doing what little we could, now find that we have passed the zenith. We find that our shadows are growing longer, we find that our endurance and our activities are growing shorter. We can still work at clearing away the rubbish, we can still chop down the underbrush, we can still help to make the road over which the army shall pass, we can still stand guard at strategic points; but advancing armies, conquering armies, must be led by young men, men who have their careers before them. Rise to the occasion. Meet the demands of the time. Respond to the cry of humanity, and you write your names against the skies in letters of glory, and win the blessings of all the generations to come."

"Old-fashioned oratory," says one. Yes, but without regard to political affiliation, I, for one, believe that if that advice had been followed between the years 1898 and 1910, if "honor had been the pole star of conduct" among our public officials, the great State of Illinois would have been spared the humiliation and the disgrace of the recent jury bribing and vote buying scandals, whose terrific odors reach up to the stars. If the light that guides our lawmakers had been the "slowly-rising sun of human brotherhood," there would not be a hall in this state large enough to contain the audiences that would gather to pay tribute to the memory of Altgeld—the brave soldier, the devoted husband, the conscientious lawyer, the upright judge, the honest governor, and the life-long advocate of liberty on equal terms for all the peoples of all the earth.

## Chairman Cruice Introducing Mr. Lee Meriwether

*Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In no field of human activities was Governor Altgeld more interested than that concerning municipal administration and policies.

So interested was he indeed that, though his long services and broken health imperatively called for rest, he resisted the call and entered a municipal campaign as an Independent when he felt that the affairs of the city of his adoption required it.

He knew that monopoly in private hands was ever a weapon of abuse; he knew that monopoly obtained as an incident of tariff legislation was a menace and led to other and greater monopolies; he knew that franchises for the operation of public utilities were grants of monopoly; and he knew that there never was a franchise grant made that was not the result of a corrupt bargain.

Further he knew it to be axiomatic that those who were venal and corrupt enough to pay bribes for franchises would be unscrupulous and vicious enough to abuse the powers obtained thereby.

Knowing these things and seeing the men, women and children of the various communities turned over for exploitation to those who bought franchises, he devoted much attention to municipal affairs in the various municipalities of the country.

One situation that attracted his attention was that presented by the city of St. Louis—a great, thriving, industrious city with ambitions that surmounted disadvantageous location, with a people that had struggled against and conquered the ebb and flow of the mighty Mississippi, with a people ready for and capable of accomplishing all that the people of a city more favorably situated could accomplish.

There he saw bridge monopolies, street car monopolies, telephone, gas, and other municipal monopolies with their tentacles reaching out and drawing into their maws the wealth, the happiness, and comfort of the people of that city.

There he also saw a figure heroic and romantic, as heroic as any crusader that ever stormed a pagan battlement, as romantic as any Lochinvar that ever rode out of the west.

This figure battled single-handed and alone against the rapacious crew, and so powerfully did he appeal to the Governor that the Governor went to St. Louis and threw to his support all the energy he possessed.

We have with us today the central figure of the St. Louis contest, and I deem it a privilege of no little moment to be allowed to introduce to you Mr. Lee Meriwether.

# Address by Mr. Lee Meriwether

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Fifteen years ago the man in whose memory we are gathered here today was vilified and traduced from one end of the land to the other. Not since the days of Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold had any one man in American public life become the object of such concentrated, such unrelenting, such malignant hatred as the democratic governor of Illinois.

Why was this? Some have thought it was because of his pardon of the Anarchists, but this view will not bear the test of dispassionate investigation. Many of the great newspapers of the country, owned, or at any rate controlled, by what a democratic Republican has recently termed the "Powers of Pillage," cared nothing for the Anarchists; being well-informed men, these newspaper owners knew that the Anarchists, however guilty they may really have been, were never *proved* guilty; consequently that their conviction, resting as it did upon passion and prejudice, not upon evidence, was illegal, and therefore their pardon was the act of a brave man, of a man who set righteousness above self, of a man who dared do right even when he knew that the result to himself would be a storm of passionate prejudice.

No, the agents of the Interests cared nothing for the Anarchists, but they hated, they feared men with hearts big enough to feel for humanity, and brains big enough to thwart monopoly in its thousand insidious assaults upon the very heart and genius of democratic institutions.

And that, my friends, is why they hated and feared Altgeld. For Altgeld's every act, every word was instinct with the spirit of pure democracy. His veto of monopoly legislation saved to the people of Illinois gas and railway and other franchises worth

hundreds of millions of dollars. His messages to Grover Cleveland showed that while an autocratic president might ignore the Constitution and invade a state with a federal army he could not do it in secret; he could not do it without having the act shown to all the world in its true colors. Whether the President of the United States ought to have the power to decide for himself when to overrun a state with federal soldiers is a question upon which men may conscientiously differ; but no man, after reading Altgeld's messages to Cleveland, can conscientiously say that under the Constitution as it now stands the President has any such autocratic power.

Monopolists who lost hundred-million-dollar franchises, and executives who disliked being reminded of a little thing like the law and the Constitution, when it suited their purposes to be autocratic instead of democratic, hated and feared Altgeld. And so their organs let loose upon his head a veritable cyclone of calumny. He was pictured as an anarchist with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other. He was denounced as a demagogue who preached the gospel of discontent and sowed the seeds of revolution. He was vilified, slandered, lied about, until any man of lesser zeal, lesser courage, lesser moral grandeur would have sunk crushed beneath the burden.

That Altgeld did suffer, keenly suffer, those who knew him intimately can attest. His was a kindly lovable nature. True to those whom he trusted, to those whom he loved he was as tender as a woman. It was a great grief to him to be so misjudged, so misunderstood, by his country-men. He knew the power of the press; he knew that the persistent slanders of monopoly organs had turned against him hundreds and thousands of plain people, the very people he was defending, the people who had everything to gain, nothing to lose, by the success of his principles.

But while it hurt him, hurt him to his heart's core, Altgeld never faltered. He remained steadfast to his convictions, and, as you all remember, he died as he had lived, preaching the gospel of Democracy in the loftiest meaning of that word — the gospel of righteousness, of Christian fellowship between man and man.

It is a comfort to us who were privileged to enjoy that great man's friendship to know from his own dying words that, though hurt by the misconception of him created in the public mind by monopoly's newspapers, he was never discouraged. You recall the occasion at Joliet on March 11, 1902, when, just as he was closing a powerful speech, Altgeld fell unconscious to the floor, never again to utter word or see the light of day — for he died the following morning. The words he was speaking as he fell were these:

"I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way, and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. . . . Right may seem to be defeated, but the gravitation of Eternal Justice is toward the throne of God."

"The great clock in the Chamber of the Omnipotent never stands still. It ticked away the years as it had once ticked away the centuries!"

And behold! Within fifteen years of the day when Altgeld's name was the synonym for all that was desperate, rabid, fearful in public affairs, men and women meet in a theatre of America's second largest city, to do homage to his memory. And not only that: it is beginning to be understood in all parts of the Republic that when John P. Altgeld died the nation lost one of its really great men.

My friends, this fact, and this gathering here to-day seem to me deeply impressive, deeply significant. It shows that a noble spirit, like a nugget of pure gold, may be covered with slander and abuse without impairing the true worth within. Time, the remedial agent of all wounds, of all wrongs, wears the dust and dirt away, leaving the gold uninjured, unsullied, unstained!

During the years of Altgeld's life many politicians arose who for a brief moment, were mistaken for statesmen. During their day they were followed by a crowd of cringing courtiers, by the poor souls ever ready to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.

And during their short day these shallow souls took their fling at John P. Altgeld. They denounced him as an anarchist; they reviled him as a demagogue; they damned him to everlasting

oblivion. But where are those men now? The very names of many of them are already forgotten, while the name of Altgeld, as the years roll by, is honored by ever-increasing numbers of thoughtful patriotic Americans.

Any man who is rich, any man who is powerful, can command popular applause; for the world worships success, and there are always masses of men, time-servers and courtiers, ready to applaud the rich and powerful in the hope of advancing their own sordid fortunes. No credit to such a man to receive the noisy applause of the populace.

But the applause that springs from an overflowing heart to one without wealth, without position, without power to reward a friend or punish a foe,—ah, my friends, when applause of *that* sort is given, he who receives it does so by reason of virtues too great, of qualities too exalted, ever to be permanently undermined by petty spite and malice. That Altgeld received that sort of applause, that he will receive it in ever-increasing measure as the years pass by, is another evidence of his moral and mental greatness.

History is full of instances of the final triumph of genius, of intellectual and moral greatness, over mere power and money. In 1815 the insolent Bourbon king of France caused the Column Vendome to be hurled to the ground and the bronze effigy of Napoleon to be cast into cannon. The very mention of Napoleon's name was forbidden. And six years later when his body was lowered into a lonely grave on a barren isle at the other end of the world from France, the Bourbon king drew a sigh of relief and fancied that France was rid forever of the great Corsican's memory!

But within twenty years of that burial on St. Helena, a vessel, convoyed by a fleet of war ships, bore the dead emperor across the seas; and on reaching France he was accorded a funeral the like of which is unparalleled in all history. From the Rhine to the Pyrenees, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, the people of France stood with bared heads on the day of Napoleon's second funeral. It is said that no fewer than six millions of Frenchmen lined the banks of the Seine from the coast to the capital, anxious to get a mere glimpse of the catafalque containing the lifeless

body of the returned exile. On that day the whole tribe of Bourbons and aristocrats learned that, although dead, Napoleon was mightier than any of them!

In Rome there is a noble statue of Giardino Bruno erected on the very spot where he was burned at the stake in February, 1600.

In Rouen there is a cross which for centuries has commanded the world's mournful attention. Last September when I stood with uncovered head before that cross it was smothered under a mass of flowers. Fresh flowers have covered it for hundreds of years — because five hundred years ago Joan of Arc was burned to death on that spot in Rouen. To-day statues are erected in her honor; streets bear her name; secular historians unite in declaring her one of the world's most extraordinary figures; and the Church at last has decreed her a saint and given her the crown of martyrdom!

Think of the infinite pity, the infinite tragedy of it all! So much suffering during life, when suffering hurts so much; so much homage after death when the victim cannot even know of the world's return to justice and reason! One generation sings peans of praise and erects monuments to the memory of those whom a previous generation burned at the stake or crucified on the cross!

We may not burn men at the stake to-day; we may not physically crucify them. But the man who champions the dumb oppressed many, the man who seeks to stay the hand of gold and greed,—that man will excite the undying hatred of the articulate few, and will be subjected to a flood of calumny but little less trying to a sensitive soul than physical martyrdom.

John P. Altgeld suffered this kind of martyrdom. His enemies, controlling some of the leading newspapers of the land,—that is to say, controlling the principal avenues of approach to the public conscience,—waged an unrelenting campaign to assassinate his reputation. Controlling the powers of money and high finance, they sought with only too much success to despoil him of his private fortune.

But if these vicissitudes soured Altgeld's temper or weakened his courage, the world was not permitted to know it. As I saw

him shortly before his death, he was a man of lofty mind and exalted character, altogether superior to that failing of little men—repining over the past or chafing under the inevitable.

Secure in the approval of his own conscience, Altgeld bore his standards high to the very last; protected by the poise of a calm and philosophical mind, he bore without complaint the slings and arrows of the malignant enemies who continued to assail him until death closed his eyes and removed him at last from the realm of strife and malice.

By the grave of one of America's public men stands a rugged rock on which are these words:

"For him life's fitful fever is ended. The foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is over. Grass has healed over the scar made by the descent of his body into the bosom of the earth, and the carpet of the child has now become the blanket of the dead."

My friends, when the day comes to me—as soon or late it will come to all who are born of woman—when grass has healed over the scar made by the descent of my body into the earth, it may be that the blanket of the dead will again become the carpet of a child—my son.

When that day comes I could ask no greater honor than that my son, as he stands at his father's grave, shall feel as proud of my name and of my memory as we to-day feel proud of the name and memory of John P. Altgeld.

## Chairman Cruice Introducing the Hon. George Fred. Williams

*Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

From the beginning of time to date, avarice and greed, embodied and living, has levied toll upon the human race.

Ever have there been men who, by various means and methods, have taken wealth belonging to others.

Ever have there been men, women and children, who, in consequence of the toll exacted, have been condemned to poverty with the consequent misery and suffering.

Ever also have there been men, who, fearing not the wrath or weapons of the oppressor, have fearlessly and eloquently espoused the cause of the oppressed.

Of the latter class was Governor Altgeld, a stern, unyielding foe of all wrong or things that smacked of wrong, of ready sympathy for the misfortunes of all, a champion of the oppressed of every race and condition of men.

From ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, in almost every community in the land, his voice rung out a clarion call to the politically righteous to rally to the standards.

Abhorrent of those who were patriots for revenue only, contemptuous of the smug hypocrisy that preached God and practiced Mammon, meeting with outstretched arms those who, like himself, did things for God and humanity without hope of material reward, he made for himself many bitter enemies and won many devoted friends.

Preaching as he did that disloyalty to one's fellows was treason to God, he preached of a civilization in which all men lived for one another and not off of one another; he prayed for the beneficence of a Utopia, and against the cannibalism of a wolf pen; he but asked that the democracy of Jefferson and the republicanism of Lincoln be the standards of our national life, and upon these altars he laid down his life.

In one of his campaigns, he met a man who gave word for word and blow for blow with him,—and against the abuses he complained of,—a man endowed by his Creator with a wealth of brain and brawn and a charm of tongue and manner that opened to him any door he approached, with talents that enabled him to pick any avenue of human activity. He chose the path selected by Governor Altgeld, and kept step with him in his life-time and avows his loyalty in death.

In every locality in this broad country where the democracy of Christ is known and understood, there also is known and loved the name of George Fred. Williams of Massachusetts, who will now address us.

# Oration by the Hon. George Fred. Williams

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Only out of hearts which still throb with the memories of a great man could there have been chosen memorial words so apt to describe his life purposes and deeds, as those which these tablets bear.

The first inscription tells of the high service he gave to his state; the second, his sense of justice and devotion to constitutional guaranties; the third epitomizes his defense of the weak, his protest against compromise, and the perversion of the instruments of justice; the fourth expresses his mighty faith in the triumph of the right. Out of his own mouth has his history been written upon the tablets we dedicate today, graven with a pencil of steel.

How imposing is the life of a great patriot! The historians-laureate of monarchs, have not been able to dwarf the figures of those who have demanded justice and liberty for human-kind. The eloquence which survives is that which is brave, human, and self-sacrificing. There is no poetry in selfishness, greed inspires no songs, and even religion cannot paint a god-head except in suffering.

It has been too often said that John P. Altgeld was misunderstood. The truth is that he was too well understood. That wonderful and almost superhuman solidarity, the trust of all trusts, which we call privilege, dreads but few men. It stands in awe only of the man who is armed with the flaming sword of truth, and who wields it defiantly, who feels no pain, no wounds, no taunts, no discouragement, and fears not even death. Such a man was Altgeld, and if his life was darkened by suffering, by slander and defeats, it was the life of his choice; its pathos is but seeming, and its heroism brought the rewards with which

only the great can be satisfied. "No man," he says, "ever served his country without being vilified, for all who make a profit out of injustice will be your enemies; but as sure as the heavens are high and justice is eternal will you triumph in the end." Such was Altgeld's triumph when he fell to earth with an appeal for an oppressed nation ringing from his lips. He did not misunderstand the nature of his mission when he declared, "It is the ardor of devotees that shatters empires, and we must win this fight by self-sacrificing manhood; men with flesh-pots cannot help us." He fought against Mammon, and Mammon turned its terrible weapon against him as against no other man in the history of his generation. These were his words of defiance: "No great moral or political reform ever yet rested on money. The Almighty has never yet tried to start the seeds of justice in the garden of lucre. Only poisonous vines will grow there; noble manhood perishes there. It is moral force that in the end moves the world." Wherever wrong uttered its defiance or demanded concession, whether it spoke from the bench, from the political convention, or from the presidential chair, it found Altgeld standing full-armed, his back against the wall. Privilege knew him and understood him and if millions of honest men were misled in judging him, it was because privilege, realizing the destructive capacity of the man, determined that his power must be broken by any means.

Slander and misrepresentation were the contemptible weapons used against the man who had no price for the betrayal of the people. The pity is that he was misunderstood by those he loved; would that they had rallied as one man to a leader who knew no fear, compromise, or danger, when the oppressed stood in dumb need.

In the awful atmosphere of graft which pervades even the home of his adoption can it be doubted today that a blind and unquestioning support of Altgeld would have made this state one of the purest in our Republic? With a majority ever at his back, who can measure the wrongs that would have been righted and the blessings that would have been realized! He is now lost to you when his presence would send a thrill of despair to every grafter within the borders of the state.

Oh, the pathos of a great life! the dream of the superhuman, broken at every waking by the desperate realities, the drudgeries, the disappointments, ingratitudes, and common pains! There is a greatness of today's civilization which in all human history has been the presage of decay, but which Altgeld believed, with a great faith, to be but the night which shall soon emerge into a brilliant dawn. This greatness lies in the power and possession of material things, the mastery of wealth. Our leaders of industry and finance now seem to tower like a colossus over the earth. With implacable ambition, they garner the wealth of the world, and by adding to their vast human retinue, which strives and yields for them, their hands grow stronger in the guidance of human affairs. The nations listen to them, millions bow to their will. Humanity is to them but an instrument for their own aggrandizement, and when they depart the markets are the only mourners.

Mark now the other greatness which takes nothing for itself, but gains strength from what it gives; the greatness of the man who deems the gathering of the fruits of another's toil unjustly to be not honorable but despicable; who treats poverty as a perversion of God's will; whom the tears of the oppressed inspire, and who shields man, woman, and child as he would shield father, mother, sister, or brother; who gathers power only that he may use it to elevate human-kind, and bring the fruits of the earth to the service of all who toil thereon. With such a purpose, the smallest deed adds to the progress of mankind, and such an inspiration shall never die, but passes into the realm of eternal good. He is the greatest who gives the most; he is the meanest who gives the least. By this standard will the deeds of John P. Altgeld be judged and his influence measured.

And to-day we must again put our helpless reason to the everlasting question, "What is such a life worth?" Sacrifice, sacrifice, and ever sacrifice, that justice may be done! Justice even to those who resist it, as the bonded slave clings to his chains and his rations. At the best we can add to the right not more than an infinitesimal fraction. But the God who gave life to our dust is not indifferent whether we return it pure, life-sustaining, breatheable, or corrupted, infectious, and destructive.

He is a weak observer who thinks the work of Altgeld is not apparent in the world. If you would know by heart the appeals which the patriots are making in the politics of today, read the book of Altgeld well named "Live Questions," because the questions he asked cannot die. It is the greatest text-book of modern progressive statesmanship. Those utterances of his, seeming like fire-brands in their day, are now becoming commonplaces, accepted truths, many of them; but, my countrymen, the fire of his inspiration fused the metal with which those commonplaces are now typed. You saw him suffer that these truths might live. In them he breathes with us this very hour, his winning smile is reflected in the faces of those who are to reap some of the blessings which his love planted and his self-sacrifice watered.

There is much praise of insurgency within a party, but did Altgeld ever compromise with the servants of privilege in his own party? Was he not the bravest of the insurgents? Had not Altgeld spent his life in this insurgency, the soil might yet have been unyielding where the crop of Democracy is now smothering the weeds of both political parties.

Altgeld's fate was that of the pioneer, the discoverer in statesmanship. He saw and despised the truckling of our civilization to material interests. There is no time so portentous in the life of a man as the day when, by design or accident, he draws aside the curtain which covers the inner sanctuary of privilege, and sees the high priests at their work; for it is written that no stranger shall enter into their sanctuary; he must be a hypocrite who can worship there after he has seen; he must be a hero who dares to expose the shams. Here, Altgeld did not swerve, and here his miseries began. Far in advance of most men, he realized how privilege had worked itself into the warp and woof of our social system, with what unparalleled skill the interests of property have framed the code of human conduct, laws, and morals. He saw privilege deeply bedded in all the categories of life, reaching into the cradle, the school, the university, the church, grasping the press, holding the market, the counting room, the exchange, hiding itself in judicial robes and sitting with legislators and

governors, working by day and night, week-days and Sabbaths, stamping generation after generation, merciless, inexorable, taking hold even upon the faiths of men and wielding the sceptres of the world. Against this seemingly invincible power, Altgeld set his life-work.

I look over the list of our great men and search their hearts, and find as yet not one who matches the heroism of Altgeld. We have not gone far in our understanding of this man until we recognize that he was a fanatic,—a fanatic for justice and mercy. Even Christians worshipping the noblest of all recorded self-sacrifice fail to understand, in these days, how a man may also give his life for his fellow-men.

I have no apologies to make for this man's career, no explanation,—alas, the apologies of mankind are due to him. Time will vindicate him, some say. Nay, he was vindicated in his life; in his very thought and act nature urged him on and smiled when he suffered; laid her hand upon his wounds and whispered to him that her spear is only for the hand of the godlike.

I am not willing to review the injustice and suffering which Altgeld endured without entering some protest against the conditions which caused them. It is a scandal of our civilization that one cannot today speak for human rights as against property interests without incurring social, political, and financial penalties. If his enemies will not now give him credit for sincerity, it is because they will allow the people's true advocates not even the peace of the grave. The time will come, if our Republic is to survive, when wealth must answer at the bar of justice for its stolid resistance to the rights of man, its indifference to civic righteousness, and its persecution of those who protest against its injustice.

Altgeld brought against property interests the indictment that in the name of the law itself it defended its tools against the penalties for violence and even murder. With abundant testimony, he proved that the police of the city of Chicago had, without legal justification, broken in upon lawful assemblies of men and clubbed them or shot them to death in the name of the law; that these murderers had not been prosecuted and condemned,

and were continued in office to repeat their barbarities. Yet when he pardoned men who had been falsely convicted under forms of law, he was followed by the agents of wealth with misrepresentation and persecution that have not had a parallel in the history of our country. When he released the so-called Anarchists, he discarded the request of thousands of leading citizens that they be pardoned because, "assuming their guilt, these men had been punished enough." His answer was that if they were guilty, no punishment under our laws could be too severe; and I am glad that there stand today upon these tablets his memorable words, "They did not have a fair trial," and "the evidence utterly fails to connect the unknown who threw the bomb with the defendants."

It is not important now to review his masterly discussion of the evidence in that case, the bias shown by the court, the packing of the jury, the probability of personal revenge as a motive, and the doubts of the prosecutors. He took his responsibility like a brave man, and refused to yield his conscience to popular clamor. His mortal offense was that his denunciation of wrongs included the ferocity of courts and police. He deemed the life of the citizen to be as sacred against perverted legal procedure and the brutality of the guardians of the public peace as against the misdeeds of perverted men. In the moment of calm judgment, who will today assert that if Altgeld was convinced that the guilt of these men was not proven, he should have refused to pardon them? To this day the thrower of the bomb is unknown or unrevealed. The law, admittedly then laid down for the first time, was, that if men talk for violence, they are guilty principals if violence is done, even though their utterances are not connected with the act. Such law may as well be treated as a menace to freedom; it would have consigned Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and the revolutionists of all ages to the gibbet.

Altgeld was one of the greatest democrats who has served this country, and his democracy nowhere conflicted with the Declaration of Independence. He deemed it essential to the Republic that the causes of poverty be removed because "poverty and loss of liberty go together." He attacked evil with a consummate faith, saying: "Turn the sunlight of intelligence on an evil long enough and it will dissolve it."

The keynote of Altgeld's conduct was duty, inspired by love. It would be futile here to review all the controversies into which duty so inspired led him.

In his debate with President Cleveland upon the sending of United States troops into Illinois, when he, as Governor, stood ready to suppress domestic violence with the forces of the Commonwealth, he fixed his eyes upon the Constitution and doggedly demanded that its guaranty be observed.

He resisted with fiery eloquence the use of the injunction by courts of equity against the laboring masses, banded to improve their condition by setting the organization of men against the organization of capital. Since Altgeld's death, the tentacles of the law have wrapped themselves closer about the trades union, but his protests still constitute the most eloquent appeals made by human voice against this menace to liberty. Nowhere has organized labor found an abler or more devoted advocacy, inspired by the belief that the individual would be ground to poverty and slavery, unless by union of strength, the forces of labor stood upon equal ground with organized industry.

In extolling the memory of Altgeld, it is not necessary that he should be proved right in all his judgments. From holy writ, from human reason and experience, one truth shines clear above all doubt; it is that human conduct should be judged according to the heart purpose which actuates it. Altgeld may have been mistaken in his judgment of policy, but he never was mistaken in the motives of his act. He judged all things and all men in accordance with the dictates of a pure and righteous conscience, and with weak man no more can be demanded.

But, nonetheless, as this man's opinions and utterances are studied, we must marvel at his sagacity and prophetic vision, for in his eclectic radicalism we find the outlines of policies which are even now gaining daily in public approval.

Spreading through the West and now even bedded in the constitution of our most eastern state is this truth he long ago uttered: "Each age furnishes a weapon for the people; the weapon of this age is the initiative and referendum through which we can restore Democracy."

The idea of municipal government by commission, which now promises to purify our city politics, is at least as old as 1890, when Altgeld advised to "do away with governing boards of councils, with their division of responsibility, and have one man at the head of each department who feels that he is accountable to the people for the conduct of affairs."

The extension of the social function of government, now rapidly progressing, was foreshadowed by him thirteen years ago in the words: "To-day, if asked whether the government will take the railroads or establish the referendum, say you do not know, but that every step which may become necessary to save free government and restore happiness in this land will be taken. Say that if necessary to do so, the government will not only take the railroads, but every monopoly and concentration of property which interferes with either the rights or the welfare of the people."

In 1896 he said: "Our people are beginning to understand that making money scarce makes money dear; that dear money means low prices for property, for the products of the earth and for the products of labor." This was Altgeld's statement of a fact which was denied in 1896 with vitriolic vehemence, but which is now admitted and restated by the journals not only of Wall street but of the whole world.

The "good roads" agitation was in its infancy when he urged them upon the people in 1892.

As a judge he refused to receive railroad passes when the practice was common, which is now generally prohibited by law.

Upon the question of industrial monopoly, he recognized the world, tendency of consolidation, and with a largeness of view which may now well be emulated, declared, "It is a question whether there is any other way of preserving an equilibrium in our institutions than by organization and concentration of the counter-balancing forces."

Even against the combined opinions of employers and employes, Altgeld insisted that the influence of the strike was so far-reaching as to constitute a social disturbance well within the legitimate functions of government. He therefore advocated some form of compulsory arbitration of trade disputes, and it

may be said that, so far as progress has been made with this vexing question, it has been along the lines he has suggested.

In the days of its infancy, he was a strenuous advocate of the Australian ballot.

He regarded the increase of divorce as keeping pace with progress in the emancipation of women, and deemed that separation was better for the family life than the rearing of children among uncongenial and brutal conditions.

His earliest utterances were in behalf of factory laws against child labor and unsanitary conditions.

For the improvement of the judicial procedure, he favored a jury verdict based upon a two-thirds vote, the encouragement of arbitration, the abolition of official fees, and the prompt trial of causes.

He became at an early day a high authority on criminology. He deplored the committing to prison of persons arrested for misdemeanors, the association of young offenders with hardened criminals, and the imprisonment of any person when reformation seemed possible through mercy; and, indeed, it may be said that the great reforms which have been wrought in the administration of the criminal laws have followed closely the conclusions of Altgeld upon these problems.

Altgeld was not an exponent of any political school; his mind was open to the truth which emanated from all of them. He did not rank as a Prohibitionist, but he asserted of the liquor traffic that "the effect of the business is to cater to the weaknesses, to destroy the character and lower the social status of men and communities; and this demoralization and ruin reaches back to the source from which it sprung."

He was not a zealot upon woman's suffrage, but his judgment on this question went back to the foundations of justice. "There is no man," he says, "who holds a commission which authorizes him to sit in judgment on the rights of woman. She has as much right to sit in judgment on man and limit his sphere and his actions as he has to limit hers. Therefore, any attempt by man to deny woman independence or equality of rights is simply the assertion of brute force."

Of war he asserts: "The business of killing men is a brutal and degrading profession which must brutalize those who engage in it to a greater or less degree. Even the man who delights in killing the lower animals gradually changes; he becomes coarse, his finer and nobler feelings are blunted, and he finally partakes somewhat of the nature of the fierce brutes whose conduct he imitates." But he adds: "There is no nobler spectacle than that of a great body of citizens taking up arms in defense of liberty. To establish liberty for mankind is the highest mission on earth."

We should not be justified in reading only the intellect of Altgeld on this occasion, but have a right to turn to the pages of his heart. His ideals find expression in these words: "Happiness does not necessarily demand a mansion and a well-filled pocket-book; nor are a high social status and the plaudits of admirers essential. But he who has deep down in his soul the knowledge that he has always fought for the right, and that he has never knowingly wronged another could not be unhappy though the world were arrayed against him."

He looked with reverence upon the reaching out of the human soul in prayer, of which he says, "Only the sincere and true heart can pray. The genuine and earnest prayer, the concentration of thought upon that which is godlike and the blending of all desires into one fervent petition and bringing one's nature into harmony with that petition, has an uplifting and inspiring effect upon him who prays." "If our gratification," he says, "comes from seeking the welfare of man and helping the weak, from doing duty and being just, in striving for all that is noble and uplifting, then will the countenance radiate with the glow of immortality."

Of a faithful public official Altgeld says: "Such men become beacon lights in the long upward march of the human race, and the world canonizes their memory. Their contemporaries may be slow to recognize their worth, but at least they will have posthumous fame."

I recall that in some of those precious moments of co which I cherish, Altgeld said to me: "When in doubt as duty, I ask myself: What should I do if I could come after and make my decision?"

Of faithful clergymen he says, "Their hearts go out to wretched and forsaken, but their souls dwell on the heights their faces are turned toward the morning. Their presence is benediction and their lives light the way to the eternities."

Of the prevalent commercialism he says: "The fierce commercialism that is now ripening and seeking to re-enthrone brute force is the product of the ideas that were sown some fifty years ago, when little else was talked of but the development of the country and the making of money. This commercialism is pulling down great mottoes and sneering at all high standards. It is turning our faces from the sun and erecting altars to Mammon. But while commercialism is running riot at the top, a new order of thought is growing up at the bottom. Both Europe and America are producing a higher order of ideas that breathe the spirit of human brotherhood and promise a nobler civilization for man. The men who imbibe this spirit and labor to elevate the race will be the great men of the future."

The philosophy of Altgeld's life, the sternness of his devotion to his cause, his faith in the compensations of nature, are epitomized in these words: "Every deception, every cruelty, every wrong, reaches back sooner or later and crushes its author. Justice is moral health, bringing happiness; wrong is moral disease, bringing moral death. When the final judgment comes to be entered, when the sum and the total are told, it will be written that he who takes more than he gives courts death and invites destruction."

Altgeld was a great optimist, believing that man who makes injustice can make justice. He was a fatalist, confident of the compensations of nature. He was a lover, and mankind was the object of his love.

I loved this man, and approached this memorial service in a spirit of sorrow; but not long could this spirit survive under the radiance of inspiration from the life and words of this man as they passed before me in review. I have come into the glory

achievements as I have seen him, bruised and bleeding, himself fiercely upon the barbed wires which greed had vn up between humanity and the fair field of God's harvest; indful of his wounds, beating away his precious strength to ue the weak, carrying new scars each day, ever at the fore- nt, as if the blood he shed were the measure of his service. s the mother would rush into the flames to rescue her child, so he was blind to consequences when he saw before him his human brother struggling in the grasp of injustice. To him the masses of men were made in God's image, eager for sympathy, looking yearningly upward; cowed it may be, groaning under the wounds of oppression, some coarse, sweaty, unlovely, rough; some gentle, lovely and pure; but it was a mass of human bodies with human souls reaching out appealingly to him as if each had been his mother, or his child calling to him for justice. He was prosperous, and the temptations of luxury did not swerve him. He gained power only to use it for the betterment of mankind. The loss of power and wealth brought him anxiety and pain only as it lessened his efficiency for the noble purposes of his life.

We know what solace to him was the love of her who comforted and sustained him in his hardships; we know, too, that however precious they would have been to him, children of his body were not the need of a man to whom all humanity was as the offspring of his soul.

We were his friends; here, at least, a loving judgment may be rendered upon his life; hatred beats in vain against his memory, fear is relieved, envy is silenced by death, love alone may now utter its tribute of affection and review the scenes of his life.

We may stand in his presence again, his eager blue eye giving out the warm welcome which ever awaited his friends. His strong face bespeaks his indomitable courage and will; so gentle does it seem that it is hard to believe he can fight for his cause with a relentless determination; not of commanding presence or physical ruggedness, his words are all power, and you know that no blandishments, dangers, or threats will move him from the path he has laid out. In the murky atmosphere of graft and greed, like a burst of glorious sunlight is the memory

of this man. No price could buy away the services of Al humanity. I speak not of the vulgar sale for money, but more subtle bribe of social preferment, of comfort, lux peace, honors, kind words and looks, the flattery of the and the powerful, the deck of the yacht, the place of hono the banquet, and of power in the State.

Oh, beloved, wonderful man, how did you put aside all tho cherished things which come to subservient talents, and rac your tired and painful body with strivings for the weak who could give you nothing, and who even turned their faces from you in the hours of your best service! What mattered to you the criminal, the diseased, the sweaty workman, the unjustly condemned! What were the distant Boers to you for whose life and liberties you were pleading when the shaft of death entered your aching heart! You cannot answer us, but we know that your life was given to us as a benediction; and now beyond our ken we believe it has become a part of the eternal power for good.

You have said it to us; let now our love repeat to you: "We hear the rustling of a wing; we feel a breath from the other shore; we do not know where, but are sure we shall meet over there."

THE

# N P. ALTGELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

TO KEEP ALIVE THE INSPIRING MEMORY OF JOHN P. ALTGELD, VOLUNTEER SOLDIER, JURIST, STATESMAN, PUBLICIST AND HUMANITARIAN, AND TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF FREE GOVERNMENT TO WHICH HE HEROICALLY DEDICATED HIS LIFE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PRESIDENT, NOBER GOTTLIEB

VICE-PRESIDENTS

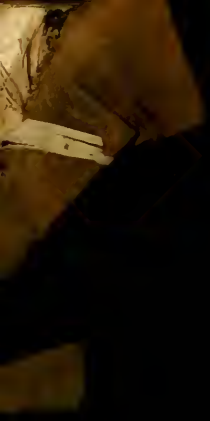
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| LEO AUSTRIAN | DANIEL L. CRUICE | JOSEPH P. MAHONEY | LOUIS F. POST |
| MARTIN BECKER | ANDREW J GRAHAM | M. L. MCKINLEY | JAMES C. RUSSELL |
| CAPT. WM. P. BLACK | JACOB C. LEBOSKY | JOS. A. O'DONNELL | M. F. STRIDER |

SECRETARY, JOSEPH MARTIN, 167 E. CHICAGO AVENUE

MEMBERS

Willis J. Abbot
Chas. Frederick Adams
Miss Jane Addams
Peter Aitken
Warren Worth Bailey
Irving W. Baker
Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow
Millard F. Bingham
R. W. Boddinghouse
A. J. Boulton
Edward Osgood Brown
Francis Fisher Browne
W. J. Bryan
Edward Cahill
John J. Corcoran
John W. Cox
Rev. Thomas E. Cox
Walter S. Cronin
Ben. Danziger
H. H. Devereux
C. W. Espey
Joseph B. Fischer
Jeremiah Flahnan
Charles Gay
Miss Catherine Goggin
Henry A. Goulden
Richard C. Gunning
Bolton Hall
Isaac W. Higgs
John P. Hopkins
Tom L. Johnson
Ellis O. Jones
Jerry J. Kane
Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly
A. F. Kinsella
Jacob C. LeBosky
John J. Lentz
Charles D. Lewis
Fay Lewis
Joseph M. Loughlin
Geo. A. Mawman
Lee Meriwether
Thomas G. McElligott
Wm. S. McNary
Geo. E. McNeil
Douglas A. Petre
R. F. Pettigrew
C. C. Philbrick
Louis Prang
T. P. Quinn
Redick M. Ridgely
Raymond Robins
Dr. J. W. Scott
Samuel Seabury
Geo. H. Shibley
Roger C. Sullivan
J. J. Townsend
D. B. Van Vleck
Henry M. Walker
C. A. Williams
Geo. Fred Williams
Peter Witt
C. E. S. Wood
Dr. Rachael S. Yarros
Victor S. Yarros

OCT 31 1910



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 090 204 8